

SPIRITUAL



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March, 1960

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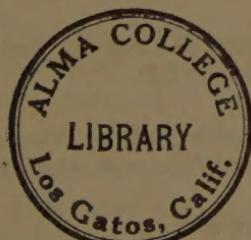
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Spiritual Life

March, 1960
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Theme:

Christian
Love

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The Love of God

"In this is charity: not as though we had first loved God, but because He hath first loved us, and sent His Son to be a propitiation for our sins" (1 Jn. 4:10).

PHILOSOPHERS and theologians have come closest to the reality and the scriptural references to it when they expressed the divine-human romance in terms of bridegroom and bride. The preliminaries of the great marriage between heaven and earth belong to God alone. It is up to the bridegroom to make the first advances. Nothing man does can compare with the unbounded liberality, the reckless, ravishing initiative of God's first love.

Good tends naturally toward self-diffusion. This conclusion of philosophy and experience (think how magnanimous, good-natured, selfless people give themselves unsparingly to others) has its perfect verification in God. God would not keep His goodness to Himself and the sharing of it was creation. We were not only created out of love, but we exist out of love. God's love continually creates us. Each one of us is the complete and total object of God's attentive love. If God would cease to love me even for a moment I would cease to be, I would disintegrate, fall back into nothingness. I get all of God's love. It is as if I were the only one in the whole world drinking in the whole of God's infinite, personal love for me. It is as if *you* were the only object of His love. And this is true of all the other millions of us. God does not have to divide up His love.

Whatever happens in a lifetime — the pleasant as well as the unpleasant — has been planned and decreed from all eternity by a God of love because of love. If we could grasp this most real thing in our lives, if we could anchor our lives in this immutable reality we would always be serene, always enthusiastic, always in control of every situation, no matter how appalling or dreadful.

The supreme instance of God's love is contained in the Incarnation of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity. "For God so loved the world as to give His only-begotten Son: that whosoever believeth in Him may not perish, but may have life everlasting." This is the epiphany of God, the burning and glowing of Him

right in the camp of man. This is God in His most attractive form. Christ has stolen all of the radiant splendor and glory of the Godhead and made it manifest to us. This is the supreme act of divine love: that He should share with us the intimate secrets of the Godhead, of trinitarian life, the family life of God. He lived a life on earth so captivatingly lovable it is enough to tear the heart out of any human being, and turn his own life inside out like a glove. "And greater love than this no man has than to lay down his life for a friend"; and so the God of heaven and earth laid it down to prove once and for all that He loves us.

The Incarnation is God's final message to mankind; it is such a full, rich message overflowing with love that its complete significance will not be realized until the end of time, but essentially there is nothing more to add. God has spoken His Word, His Word was made flesh, and His gospel name is Love.

God loves, hounds, pursues, entices, woos. All half-awakened, utterly dependent, fragile, sinful, little man can do is respond and abandon himself to God's cascading glory, His devastating demands, His consuming fire of love. Out of his response, his uncompromising surrender to absolute love, man achieves his wholeness, that is, his holiness, his perfection.

Such a whole response is required of us: "You are to be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect." Christ said that without equivocation or reservation of any kind; said it just as seriously as when, on another occasion, He said: "this is My Body and this is My Blood." And it was a command to *all* to be perfect, not to saints or angels, but as God is perfect — not the same degree of divine perfection but the same kind. This, of course, does not oblige us to be perfect here and now, but it does oblige us today and tomorrow and tomorrow to be in the pursuit of perfection; that is, to desire it efficaciously, to aim at it daily, to fix our will on it.

If goals are going to be attainable they've got to be seen or conceptualized as clearly as possible. Perfection, then, must not be a vague, general sort of notion. It must be understood as precisely and scientifically as possible. St. Thomas says that a thing is perfect when it fulfills the purpose for which it was created. For instance, a knife is perfect when it cuts cleanly; a gun is perfect when it shoots accurately. A man is perfect when he achieves

the purpose for which he was created: union with God. Once we discover what it is that unites a man to God we know what it is that perfects him — and that is love: "he who abides in love abides in Me and I in him."

When our love of God is perfect we are perfect. That is how simple the spiritual life is. That is why complicated lives are so unspiritual, and so unnecessary. Our lives must be permeated, motivated, and crowned by charity. Everything else in our lives — the virtues, the rules, the ritual, etc. — are valuable and significant only to the extent that they either cause, intensify, or preserve love. Love is the whole law.

That is why St. John of the Cross said that at the end of life we will be judged by love; not by achievements and successes, but by love; not by what we did so much as with how much love we did it. He also said that one act of pure love of God is worth far more than all sorts of other activity put together. That is why you cannot judge apostolic fruitfulness by external activity alone. A bed-ridden woman may be more apostolic than a hustling, bustling missionary. Washing dishes may, in this sense, be more vital than preaching a sermon. And so St. Francis de Sales insisted that a snap of the finger done with two ounces of love is worth more than martyrdom done with only one ounce of love. It is probably harder to live for Christ than to die for Him, anyway. It means dying daily to the false self. It means performing all the ordinary daily tasks with extraordinary love. And that is the greatest kind of heroism; that is the stuff of sanctity.

How to Grow in the Love of God

Since charity is of the essence of perfection, the practical question is how do we grow in the love of God? We must begin by indicating a distinction of the highest importance. There are two kinds of love of God. One is natural: the tendency by which the will goes out toward God insofar as He is known as the Creator and Author of nature. The other is supernatural: the love of God as He is known by revelation in His intimate nature. This kind of supernatural love — the kind we are concerned with here — would be beyond the powers of man except for Christ. Here was the one Man — the only Man — full of charity, full of the Holy Spirit. This

is equally true of His mystical body as it was of His physical body. If we want to get warm we've got to get near the fire, if we want to get wet we've got to get into the water; and so if we want to possess and grow up in the love of God we've got to get into the unique source of supernatural and divine love, into the one person in the world who is full of charity, full of the Holy Spirit.

So it is by getting into and growing up in Christ — thinking like Him, loving like Him, and acting like Him, being transformed into Him that we learn to love God. This whole process of transformation in love is initiated and effected by the liturgy, begun in baptism when we are incorporated into Christ, and culminated in the Eucharist, the Sacrament of love, of union.

Knowledge

But within the objective framework of the liturgy incessant personal, subjective effort at loving God is required. First of all we need to develop a personal, intimate knowledge of God because we cannot love what we do not know. This means that we need to do some deep thinking, good reading, real meditating — and for this we need copious supplies of silence, solitude, and mental prayer, as well as continuous effort to live as consciously as possible in the presence of God.

Love

Knowledge, however, is not love. Thinking about God, hearing about Him, knowing Him is not yet loving Him. And so it is vastly important to learn to love God by loving Him. It may be that in a given moment we are capable of only a spark of love; but unless that spark is fanned by the exercise of love into a strong glowing flame it will remain a spark or, even worse, go out. And so we learn to love God by loving Him on good days and bad days, when we are bright and gay as well as when we are dull and troubled.

Sacrifice

The greatest expression and proof of love of God is, always, sacrifice. This way we prove by deeds that we *prefer* God to everything else. If I am hungry I am perfectly willing to give up a quarter for a loaf of bread, thus proving that at this moment I prefer — love — the bread more than the money. It is not as if I gave up anything

I exchanged. And that is the meaning of sacrifice. Our Lord said: "trade till I come"; exchange temporal things for eternal, human for divine, everything for God.

Love for All

Learning to love God means learning to love His world. God is something like the proud owner of a dog who says: "Love me, love my dog." God says: "Love Me, love My world." Perfect love of God does not mean that we love nothing but God; it means that we love all in God. Christian love involves responsibility for the whole world and everyone and everything in it. It means the Christian ought to be full of deep concern and solicitude for all because he is a lover of God and His creation. I think one of the best expressions of love I know is a Buddhist prayer: "May all creatures be happy."

Love of Man

Of all creatures the one for whom we are most responsible is man himself, God's masterpiece, God's own image and likeness. This business of loving one's fellow man is, in fact, the supreme means of growing in the love of God, that is, ultimately, the final, acid test of whether or not we really love God at all. "He who says he loves God and hates his brother is a liar." Since this is the central proving ground of love we are going to consider it quite thoroughly.

The command to love one another requires that we desire efficaciously the well-being of another, no matter how we feel. To desire this efficaciously means to use whatever is at our disposal to make this desire come as close to realization as possible. This is the barest kind of love; this much at least we are obliged to do under the pain of sin. We must achieve much more than the minimal requirements of fraternal charity.

Love Is an Activity

I don't mean our modern, emasculated idea of activity: moving things from one place to another. But when we mention "activity" that is the sort of thing that comes to mind. We are impressed by the enormous achievements of our practical skill at moving things about, and so we are inclined to the foolish notion that love is out of this world and has nothing to do with and even threatens

the important worldly business of living. We assume that to engage for very long in the activity of love — dwelling in the holy — is a wasteful substitute for doing the work of the world. And so we get caught up in a frenzy of profane worldliness — high-pressure salesmanship, power politics, inducing a man to do this, making a woman do that, exploiting and capitalizing, using men as mere hands, climbing over others into grandeur, stealing the show, getting ahead, walking away with the prizes.

What a caricature of activity! So Ecclesiastes exclaimed upon the vanity of doing; and Thomas Hardy asked the dreary question: "Why do I go on doing what I do, and not cease?" To love is *to be*: a much more vital and robust kind of activity than that required *to do*. To love is to dwell in the holy before we do, while we do, and after we have done. To love sanctifies our lives in the real world and our doing in the moment of doing it. Love is not apart from the world or above the world, but the only way of fulfilling our lives in the world. There is no whole communion with the present, with the world, with one another, and with God except by way of love.

A man is a response to God; and the first work of man is by way of love to stand on holy ground in being that response. Only there in holy leisure, under God's holy scrutiny can we meet one another and know the world. This is real. Without this reality all our doing is but a sickness unto death.

When a man is *driven* by ambition, greed, and money to labor at medicine, engineering, or sports he is not active at all but *passive*; he is the sufferer not the actor. But when he contemplates — gives long, loving attention to things as they are — he engages in the highest activity there is, an activity of the soul, which is possible only under the condition of inner freedom and independence.

So love is not a passive effect, it is an activity; it is not a "falling for," but a "standing in." It is not an appetite, but a value response *par excellence*. Love is the whole response of one person to the beauty and worth of the individuality of another person. And on the supernatural level this beauty and truth can always be affirmed in terms of faith and in reference to Christ. In order to love a person the true design of God, which is made incarnate in the individual, must illumine for us his entire beauty and worth. In

the most general way, the active character of love can be described by stating that love is primarily giving, not receiving.

The lover gives not for the sake of suffering, deprivation, or sacrifice but for the sake of the beloved. The lover does not make the common mistake of thinking that it is always better to suffer deprivation than to experience joy. Giving is the highest expression of potency. In the very act of giving, a man experiences his own strength, wealth, power. This experience of heightened vitality and potency fills him with joy — the joy of overflowing and spending, of being very much alive. Giving is more joyous than receiving, not because it impoverishes a man, but because, in the act of giving, a man comes most alive.

Rich men are capable of giving material things. The richest man in the world is the one capable of giving himself. He can confer of himself to others. He gives of his very life, of his joy, of his sadness, of his interest, his understanding, his wit — of what is most alive in him. Although his giving is a self-obvious donation, he cannot help but receive that which is given back to him. Love produces love and is, therefore, reciprocated. If a lover, by his donation of so much life, does not become a *loved person*, then his love is impotent. Even if one participated in the life of the other, in his thoughts, plans, etc., so long as the loved one does not reciprocate and turn his spiritual countenance toward him, the longed-for union cannot be fulfilled. In so many ways, giving means receiving. As Erick Fromm says: "The teacher is taught by his students, the actor is stimulated by his audience, the psychoanalyst is cured by his patient — provided they do not treat each other as subjects, but are related to each other genuinely and productively."

The Labor of Love

We have said that love is the supreme human activity. If so, then it is also great labor. The choice to love is the highest achievement of man's will, and the good hard work of loving is man's proper spiritual toil. If we shirk this, all else we do is futile. The far-flung, massy, and pretentious work of the world is trivial compared to the work of love, which is a divine employment: to work and be and live with God.

It is hard work. Each time we choose to love, we endanger our

way of living. Ease, comfort, security, survival — a veritable routine of false gods — are wrecked when met head-on with love. When we who love offer our lives at full risk we shake the foundations of our way of living.

We hate loneliness but are still afraid to love. How many shifts and dodges we use to be left untouched and untouchable, all alone. We speak of the incomparable glory of friendship but prefer to be uncommitted, uninvolved. How often we hide behind masks and hug delusions with compulsive passion because we are afraid to be known, to be loved — and so to be caught in the divine-human web of laborious, mysterious romance. How often we flirt and tease with another superficially, but in the nearness of real, deep, substantial love we run back to our masks of isolation, shallowness, and safety in terror of being revealed and accepted. We hide ourselves in acts of passion; we bury love under false prudence; we substitute biological pleasures for the divine wonder and peril of love; we surround ourselves with cold, icy barriers to defend the smug self from being shattered by love.

It is easier to snub another ("snuff the light of his life out of our life") than to love. And so we indulge in spiritual assassination in order to protect our own convenience. It is easier to love humanity than to love the individual man. If we have not begun love at home, any pretension we make about loving the whole of mankind is but empty twaddle. To champion mankind around the globe is to appear great but to be in fact small if we avoid the true work of loving any real person here and now. Communication with the world, at large, means very little if there is no real communion, face to face, at home.

It takes courage to love. It is the supreme fulfillment of human courage, for we have to overcome all the enemies of love which are so plentiful, subtle and insidious: pride, fear, self-complacency, softness, human respect, ignorance, etc. Love is an intentional act of illuminated wisdom.

Robert Reynolds elaborates:

Love indeed is a chosen action, not a gift, not a feeling, not an emotion, not a mere reaction; often feelings, emotions have to be overcome in order to love; old choices of hostility have to be renounced in order to choose to love; and mere reactions to environmental stimuli have sometimes to be consciously controlled and directed in order to love. When the heart is doused with a feeling

of gloom, we must by our own volition disperse those clouds of melancholy before we can give or accept love; if the senses, in some habitual reaction to the wonderful powers of being that we meet as we come and go, rouse up such passions as fear or lust, we must of our own choice subdue and control those reactions before we can choose to love or accept love.

There is grief and sorrow in love, too. But it is worth keeping love alive in the world. Think of what God said through St. John the Evangelist: "He who abides in love abides in Me and I in him." Refuse to love and you kill the presence of God and the meaning of life. We are guilty of that. We burden our days with a thousand little murders: the spiritual murders of the vicious word, the cold glance, the smug attitude, the snobbish decision, carelessness, callousness, and segregation. When we say that a man has got to look after himself and fight for his rights, we are really offering a thin and fatuous apology for the blank face and cold shoulder with which we go about our daily killing of the tender and merciful presence of God.

The active quality of love is characterized by certain elements, named by Fromm as care, responsibility, respect, and knowledge.

Care

Love is the active concern for the life and the growth of that which we love. A mother proves her love of her children only if she diligently, anxiously cares for them. A man *really* loves his flowers only if he cultivates them with delicate and dexterous attention. We are to be full of concern for one another. This is the positive part of the commandment of love. It is not enough to avoid hurting a neighbor by word or deed; we are obliged to care for him with intelligent and warmhearted love: to inspire him, to cherish him, to cheer and buoy him up, to defend him, to help him.

Responsibility

Human life is a response to reality. To be able and willing to respond to another human being is to be "responsible." As Christians we are responsible for the whole world: "All things are yours, you are Christ's, and Christ is God's." There is no such thing as an isolated Christian. "No man is an island." None of us may say: I am going to take care of my own destiny and let the world go hang. We must be acutely, poignantly alive to the needs and interests of our fellow men.

Respect

We don't fulfill responsibility by throwing our weight around. We must not become possessive and domineering busybodies. Coupled, therefore, with responsibility must be respect. *Respicere* means "to look at." And when we have a steady, deep look at a person we see him as he is: a unique, distinct, and unrepeatable creation, an image and likeness of God, one for whom Christ died, the most mysterious thing in the world. The person is therefore accepted and responded to *as he is*, that is, ontologically good, true, and beautiful. And so in the presence of something so fundamentally sacred — even though defective and unpleasant on the surface level — we stand in awe and reverence eschewing curt criticism and refusing to exploit or even to ignore.

Knowledge

But we cannot really respect a person unless we know him. We cannot love what we do not know. But neither can we know what we do not love. The one who loves is the one who really knows and understands. Chesterton said that things deceive us by being more real than they seem. One who loves gets through the periphery, through the external features into the "more real," into the "freshness-deep-down things," into the innermost secret of a man.

It happens every time the writer conducts a retreat: at the opening conference he beholds a crowd of commonplace, ordinary, unimpressive faces. At the closing conference every single face is to him an exquisitely beautiful thing. Why? There was no change in *them*. But there was in him: between the opening and the closing conferences he spent his time and energy with them in a work of love and came to know them and found them lovable. Man is not a thing. We don't force his secret out. It takes the long, costly, active penetration of love, the interpenetration of persons. In the act of fusion we know him, and we are known. We know each other by experience — the experience of union. That is why it is always a mistake to make pat judgments, perfunctory statements, harsh and peremptory criticisms. We must wait, look, explore, work respectfully, and then respond with the wholeness of love to the wholeness of reality.

Supernatural Love — Not Unnatural

A "real" natural, burning love of a human being is compatible with a true love of God. Christ fills the whole self and not only the soul. It is the whole person that is touched by God's triune, personal love. With a really great love it is not hard to think of the blood catching fire from the white-hot soul. And so it is deleterious to attempt to divest charity of its true character of love, thinking that the less the heart — the feelings — partake of fraternal charity, the more perfect and pleasing to God it is. Love for Christ's sake is interpreted in somewhat the following way: I am completely indifferent to this man but for Christ's sake I will be good to him. This is acting *as if* one loved the other — and it's not the good "*as if*" principle that leads to reality; it's the bad kind — hypocrisy — that takes the place of reality. The command of Christ, however, has to do with interior dispositions: we should possess a much greater, more intense and passionate interest in the neighbor if we love him for Christ's sake. To love for Christ's sake does not mean to turn to Him over the head of one's own neighbor, but rather to perceive the neighbor in his ultimate significance whence we find and love Christ in him and share in the love of Christ for him. When we do this we fulfill the new command of the Lord which He gave us: "that we love one another as He loved us." Is Christ's love a thin, pallid, neutral love? Is that what we think, what we want?

Love of God and neighbor becomes for some a cold and dutiful thing because they think of it in terms of an act of obedience, nothing more. And they defend themselves with the words of Scripture: "Whoever keeps My commands, he it is who loves Me." These words of our Lord by no means justify the identification of love and pure will. Keeping the commandments is indeed the test, the criterion, of the reality and sincerity of our love; but it is not the whole thing. True, God requires no more than that we try, as best we can, painfully and stumblingly to do His will. But we must not dismiss the problem too lightly by turning the truth that a good will is sufficient, into an exaggeration that it is the only right attitude, and everything beyond that unimportant, mere decorative trappings.

Feeling is often excessively ignored, unduly denigrated. It is confused with sentimentality, and regarded as a vapid, sweet froth,

a temperamental indulgence or pleasure in love which a serious-minded man whose love is a matter of *will*, neither needs nor desires. Emotion is a worthy and indispensable part of the human response. It is a vital force which the will needs if it is to catch fire and not remain only "the will to love," but become actually love. And so Ida Götteres says: "There is, therefore, emotion of great power, of high quality, of profound depth, of creative energy. With all its bliss such love can be one of the heaviest, most painful burdens a man can carry; a charge on all our energy, full of tension, of fear and trembling, of problems and claims, of profoundest earnest and melancholy, of anxiety and reverence."

Love of neighbor, therefore, as well as love of God, is not purely a matter of will, chill to the core, directed by common sense. It is "real" love — a response of the whole man: intelligent, strong, vital, passionate, dangerous. St. Therese's growth in holiness did not incline her to love her family less but more. St. Elizabeth's love of God did not lessen her love of husband or deprive her of the pain of parting or the anguished longing and unappeasable loneliness in her husband's absence. St. Joan of Arc loved God but did not, because of that, love her soldiers or her horses less.

In fact, it's quite the other way around. To love the neighbor for Christ's sake is nothing less than a participation in Christ's love for our neighbor. Lacordaire says: "*Il n'y a pas deux amours, l'un a leste et l'autre terneste; e n'est qu'un seul sentiment avec la difference que l'un est infini.*" He does not mean to do away with the distinction between natural and supernatural love. He means that what is found in natural love, as the essence of love and its life-force is not lost but rather is subsumed by supernatural power and expressed in a more excellent way.

This is so true that every love — love of a child, of parents, of a friend, marital love — becomes a betrayed and crippled love as long as it remains purely natural and is not transformed and transfigured in Christ. In Him alone can love of friend, spouse, parent, child reach its final satisfaction and fulfillment. *Every* relationship which is transformed in Christ glorifies God, because in a mysterious manner it is informed, molded, and animated by the love of God.

FATHER WILLIAM, O.C.D.

St. Florian's, Milwaukee, Wis.

We can think of no better way to begin our study of Christian love than to present the existing landscape of love, created by the deep reflection and common experience of mankind.

The Personal Nature of Love

Some Philosophical Reflections

Thomas A. Wassmer, S.J.

THERE is no study more fascinating than the introspective analysis of our own human acts. Such an analysis of the psychologico-moral experience of genuine guilt and such a study of its proper characteristics will reveal that this state is peculiar in that it touches the personality in such an intimate way. We would venture to draw the inference after a phenomenological examination of the guilt experience that it seems to participate in the very metaphysical nature of personality in that it reveals the traits of the unique and the incommunicable. The entire question of the presence of personality in the consciously deliberate acts of men and women is a most interesting one to explore. We know that the moral acts of a man, the *actus humani* to which we ascribe the notions of sanction, deliberation, liberty, and consequent responsibility, certainly have the imprint of personality upon them. We have interested ourselves in the whole problem of the projection of personality upon the consciously human acts of man and in this speculative study we would like to show that the personality expresses itself most clearly in the psychological act of love. Possibly the most cogent proof of this is in the relations that exist among the Persons of the Trinity. We know only too well the definition of God as *agape* or *caritas*, and there is a more ready acceptance of this definition than referring to God as *Ipsum esse Subsistens*. Surely in the study that we make of the Love of God we can learn the real essence of the

metaphysical nature of love itself and learn just how the personality is resident in this experience as in no other.

There is scriptural and rational justification for considering the relations of God with mankind as those of a Bridegroom with His bride. The idea has become a part of Catholic tradition, and the language of the Canticle of Canticles illustrates the closeness of God's presence in the hearts of those who love Him. It is from glimpses of the Love that exists in the Trinity and the love that exists between the Trinity and the saints that we begin to understand the real meaning of love. Every love that is experienced between man and woman is just a mere glimmering of the love that is already found in the *agape* that characterizes the Trinity or in the love that is mutual between man and God. The unity that is in the love of the Trinity is found in an imperfect and analogous way in the other two. Every humanistic scholar can remember the ancient Greek myth that describes the real nature of love better than anyone has been able to do since. The myth relates how originally the earth was populated by beings half-man and half-woman. Swollen with pride in their completeness — *hubris* is the untranslatable Greek word for it — they rebelled against the gods until Zeus split each of them in half and scattered the halves over the earth. Ever since each half has been searching for its other half, and this yearning for completion is what the Greeks called love. There is a later and more "modern" version of the same theme. The Greek god Hermes and the goddess Aphrodite had a son, Hermaphroditus. The nymph of the well at Salamis, in love with the beautiful youth, prayed to the gods to be eternally united with him. Thus the bodies of the boy and the girl were welded into one, but the characteristics of both sexes were preserved. This is the reason why individuals who, under pathological conditions, possess in addition to their own some sexual characteristics of the other sex are called hermaphrodites.

The concept of love, seemingly so simple but in fact highly complex, as the intended and achieved existential union of man and woman, has admittedly a long history. Professor Oswald Schwarz in his work *The Psychology of Sex* has shown how Plato looms as the heroic figure at the beginning of this long history. Plato laid down the pattern as he did the pattern for so many

other aspects of European thought. It has since been repeated by a host of thinkers who have expressed the same ideas, only altering the philosophical language of Plato into terms current in the historical periods in which they have lived. Plato pointed out very distinctly that man is essentially alone and lonely; and from this isolation he cannot be saved by someone else but only by himself through the fact that he loves, that he belongs to another human being. This opening up of ourselves is the great liberating function of love and it has been further explored in the light of Scripture, that by belonging to someone else we belong to the world at large and that far from losing our individuality we find it for the first time. How true it is that "whosoever will save his life shall lose it."

It is curious that the contribution that has been made on the intimate and essential nature of love by professional psychology has been very slight. The task has been left to the philosophers, and it is not untrue to say that practically all modern theories of love are Platonism in psychological disguise. Max Scheler, the representative of philosophical thought under the name of phenomenology, considers the essence of love to consist in the capacity to grasp the central value of a personality in a single perception. Doctor Schwarz thus concludes that the idea of beauty and perfection has been brought down from the metaphysical heights and transformed into the concept of the essential value of the individual who is no longer the mere embodiment of the lofty idea but the creature of his own value and worth. We do not learn the value of the personality by the addition of the good qualities of a given person and by balancing them against the bad qualities, because love disregards manifest qualities and sees right through them down to the true essential value. Love sees through all the talents, the still dormant potentialities of the beloved, brings them to life, and thus increases his value.

We find the same view held by Vladimir Soloviev, the great Russian philosopher: "We know in mind and through mind the divine image which every human being contains, but through love it is known in the concrete and in life. Through love we assert the unconditional significance of a personality. But to assert that an individual possesses this significance in his particularity and separateness is absurd and blasphemous: the ideal content and the

empirical person are only two separate aspects of the selfsame person, and only through steadfast faith and the insight of love can we know that the ideal content is not merely subjective but is the *truth* which shines through the actual phenomenon." There is another witness in the Spanish philosopher, José Ortega y Gasset, who in his *Essay on Love* writes as follows: "Love is a flood which wells up from the depths of our personality. It is not a static thus-being, but moves up towards the beloved. Love is an emotional action, a warm, affirmative participation with the other being for its own sake. In the depth of his being the lover feels himself unconditionally united with the object of his love; it is a vital, ontologic altogether ness. Love is a yearning for the perfect. The sweetness of love consists in this, that the lover becomes in a metaphysical sense transparent and finds his final satisfaction in the amalgamation with the beloved. In this state life loses all of its ponderousness, and with the magnanimity of a great lord the lover smiles at all his fellow-men."

Some of the passages of Ortega y Gasset are difficult to read in accordance with Scholastic philosophical terminology, but the last few sentences are intelligible enough to the careful reader. We are told that no object is lovable unless it participates in the lovable-ness of the perfect and the ideal. There would be no disagreement here between St. Thomas and Ortega y Gasset. In the thirteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians there is contained the beautiful panegyric on love which adds to and summarizes the basic philosophy of love that we find in Plato and in Ortega y Gasset. St. Paul tells us that love never fails . . . "for we know in part and we prophesy in part; but when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away."

In this short summary of philosophical interpretations of the concept of love we can see that most of the great thinkers have said equivalently that love is not only an emotion or a desire but is in some way a cognitive or noetic act as well, in which we grasp the very essence of the person loved. Pascal calls this knowledge a "connaissance du coeur" and refers to a "logique du coeur." We should not conclude that every knowledge is through concepts and anyone familiar with Maritain will find knowledge by *connaturality* something akin to what philosophers have in mind when referring

to the knowledge of a person acquired in the act of love. Scripture refers to *knowing* a woman, and in this association the knowledge is certainly attained in the act of love between man and woman in the somatic-psychical order. Let us consider this knowledge of the person loved in the act of love and not necessarily restrict it to the love between man and woman. This knowledge of the person is not an abstract or detached knowledge such as we have in scientific matters; but this is a knowledge which leads to a movement toward the person, the very centrality of the person. This knowledge is a *vital* and an *ontological* knowledge, and someone has put it well by calling it an *existential knowledge* and *merging*. Doctor Von Hildebrand, who has employed the method of phenomenology so excellently in his work *Christian Ethics*, considers that this knowledge by which we become aware of the person of another is a direct knowledge, a knowledge that is neither inferential nor deductive. To pursue this notion of the peculiar manner or rather the proper epistemology by which we attain to the personality of another is to appreciate the analogy between the knowledge of faith and the knowledge of love, especially if that love be supernatural.

In another article we shall elaborate this analogy between faith and love in order to penetrate some of the mystery of love.

SURF FISHING

I laugh and lean against the sea
(my feet embracing sand)
to meet its every breaker's pull
with shifting, firmer stand.
And I am safe, for here I know,
with calm, untroubled mien,
the charge, and fall, and break of foam,
like a familiar scene.
The crashing music of the waves,
the distant, rocking buoys,
the plunging seabirds, day on day,
renew my spirit-poise.

BONNIE MAY MALODY

The subtitle for this article is "Your Love Is as Big as Your Desire." St. Francis de Sales says: "Those souls that ever abound in desires, designs, and projects, never desire holy celestial love as they ought, nor can perceive the delightful strain and scent of the Divine Beloved. . . . He who aspires to heavenly love must sedulously reserve for it his leisure, his spirit, and his affections."

The Freedom of Love

Sister Marie Celine, R.A.P.B.

TO US who are only beginners in the spiritual life, it may often appear to be a very intricate, complicated affair. We have plenty of good will — even though it easily turns into weak will — but we are truly bewildered by this thing called "the science of the saints." We yearn for union with God in liberty, simplicity, and peace. But how attain it?

St. John of the Cross wrote for such as we. To guide souls consistently and directly to divine union, he teaches them to simplify their interior life by reducing it to unity. He leads them to that liberty of spirit which is a prerequisite to the union of love. His doctrine on the mortification of the desires forms a fundamental part of his spiritual synthesis.

Meaning of the "Dark Night"¹

What does St. John mean by the term "dark night"? Anyone might be puzzled, even repelled by such an expression, did he not know that the saint, who was also a poet, is here using a figure of speech. He is clothing his thought in graceful, vivid imagery.

The night of nature is that period during which objects that usually delight our vision are hidden from view. There is no impediment in our faculty of sight, but it is denied its normal activity

¹ *Ascent of Mount Carmel*, Book I, Chap. 3.

and enjoyment. Transfer this condition to the spiritual plane. What nighttime is to the faculty of vision, the "night of sense" is to the interior faculty of desire. The latter is denied its natural exercise and enjoyment. The night of desire then may be defined as a state of soul, voluntarily imposed on ourselves by restraining or rejecting our desires. We deny them "free play." Why? That we may will nothing apart from the will of God. "When the soul is deprived of the pleasure of its desire in all things, it remains, as it were, unoccupied and in darkness."²

Two facts are basic to St. John's teaching on desire, facts that are also truths of faith: (1) All creatures are good in themselves. It is our abuse of them that is evil. The Mystical Doctor is no enemy of God's creation. In fact, he calls creatures the "footprints" of Him Whom he seeks. The root cause of our abuse of created things is our unruly desires, which St. Gregory of Nyssa calls the "glue of this world." Once entangled in this glue, the soul is powerless to ascend to spiritual realities. (2) Man is a fallen creature, in need of redemption, often impelled by concupiscence or his inordinate desires.

Desire is merely the voice of passion, our passions making themselves heard and felt in accordance with their proper object. To have desires is natural to human nature as God created it. But, always they aim at finite objects, whereas our capacity is for the infinite. "Why, then, do we continue to pursue joys without substance?" asks Thomas Merton. "Because the pursuit itself has become our only substitute for joy."³

If we probe further into this world "within," which is our own soul, we can trace this process to its origin.

To desire anything is to love it; to desire it habitually is to be attached to it. Our attachments are forged by our desires. Because love establishes an equality between the lover and the object loved, we are actually no better, no bigger than our loves. So, St. John of the Cross concludes: "The soul that loves anything else apart from God becomes incapable of pure union with God and transformation in Him."⁴ It follows that the soul that desires any-

² *Ibid.*, Chap. 3-I.

³ *Ascent to Truth*, Chap. 1, p. 21.

⁴ *Op. cit.*

thing apart from God is incapable of this divine union. He is not teaching that all creature love is sinful; nor that we must love Him and ignore His creation. But rather, we must love them with reference to God, not independently of Him or for our own gratification. Nor can we ever draw a comparison between God and creatures by putting them on an equality with Him, even remotely or unconsciously. Finally, our creature love must submit to purification.

This doctrine is no more than a practical consequence and application of the infinite transcendence of God. To realize somewhat how utterly He merits all our love, how great an offense it is to substitute any creature for Him, we must first recognize how far He excels and surpasses all creation. The distance between God and the highest angelic intelligences is simply infinite. When we allow a creature to dispute with Him the possession of our hearts, we place Him below it, in our practical estimation.

Love not only creates a state of equality, but it reduces the lover to a state of subjection to the beloved object. Examples are unnecessary to prove a fact so often demonstrated in everyday life. That is how the soul becomes the slave of its desires. "It is not enough to say that the man who is attached to this world has bound himself to it, once and for all, by a wrong choice. No: he spins a whole net of falsities around his spirit by the repeated consecration of his whole self to values that do not exist."⁵ No longer free, master of itself, the soul is incapable of divine union, which requires interior liberty. Immersed in its attachments, it cannot be enlightened and transformed by the pure light of God. For two contraries cannot coexist in the same place; one or the other must evacuate. "What fellowship has light with darkness?"⁶

What the Night of Sense Does Not Mean

Notice that St. John does not claim we should deny ourselves every desirable good. Not at all! Rather it is the *desire* for any and every good except the will of God. We cannot deprive ourselves of the nourishment needed to sustain life and fulfill our duties. But we can restrain our desires for food, certain kinds of food espe-

⁵ Merton, *op. cit.*, p. 23.

⁶ 2 Cor. 6:14.

cially, and the consequent pleasure these desires induce. In other words, we can forego making our mouths water in anticipation of a juicy beefsteak or a home-made apple pie.⁷ Likewise in the matter of sleep, we must allow a sufficiency according to our strength and labors. Yet we can easily reject the desire for more rest, for comfort and relaxation. The same rule applies to all the senses, those "windows of the soul," through which all knowledge enters it.

"We are not treating here of the lack of things," insists the Mystical Doctor, "since this implies no detachment on the part of the soul if it has a desire for them."⁸ Yet, he is only repeating the teaching of Truth Incarnate: "None of you can be my disciple unless he first renounces all his possessions."⁹ This renunciation involves not the actual privation of all things, but of the desire for them.

Someone may object to such a drastic black-out of natural, normal inclinations, ambitions, etc. Will it not stifle personal initiative, thwart progress? Certainly not! But it will bring all our aims and desires within the vivifying, fructifying radiance of the will of God. In place of our selfish, limited views, we shall have the infinite vantage point of divine wisdom, omnipotence, and love. That is the precise purpose of St. John's rigid asceticism: to bring the whole activity of the soul under the influence and direction of the Spirit of Love. "We demolish human calculations. . . . We bring every thought into captivity under obedience to Christ."¹⁰ It was also St. Paul's objective.

There is a tremendous amount of activity in the world today, far exceeding that of any previous century, because of our scientific and technical progress. But, is all this activity salvific? Is it fruitful according to spiritual values? Unfortunately, much of it is not, for it is often independent of God and even hostile to His glory. Men wish to be their own prime movers, and the prime movers of the world in which they live. God and His divine guidance and inspiration are pushed aside. Hence their activity remains futile and fruitless. Certainly, God wishes us to act promptly, generously, energetically; but our activity must remain in subordination to and co-operation with His own.

⁷ Cf. Chap. 3-II.

⁸ Lk. 14:33.

⁹ *Op. cit.*, Chap. 3-IV.

¹⁰ 2 Cor. 10:5.

Living Water Versus Empty Cisterns

"My people have done two evils," complained the Lord God of His chosen people. "They have forsaken Me, the fountain of living water, and have dug for themselves broken cisterns, that can hold no water."¹¹ St. John of the Cross aptly applies this text to souls enslaved by their desires. And who would deny that in our modern world these words find almost universal verification?

"Any disordered act of desire," teaches the Saint, "is sufficient, according to its intensity, to lessen the soul's capacity for God." This is the first evil it inflicts on the soul — the privation of the divine Spirit. Creatures are only the crumbs that fall from our Father's table; and he who feeds on them is like a dog, always hungering for more. According to Christ's own words: "It is not fair to take the children's bread and throw it to the dogs."¹² But the true children of God mortify their appetite for crumbs and so are admitted to their Father's banquet. Here they are nourished and replenished with the delicious food of His Spirit.

In addition to this primary evil, unmortified desires cause another multiple injury to the soul: they weary, torment, darken, defile, and weaken it.¹³ "Like restless and discontented children, who are ever demanding this and that from their mother, and are never satisfied."¹⁴ The more intense the desire, the more it harasses and torments us. Surely, we have only to look back to certain periods of our lives, perhaps to daily experiences, to find concrete proofs of these truths. What anguish and worry, what sadness and frustration are born of these uncontrolled desires!

How they blind the eye of reason and impel us to acts for which we later blush in shame! In the sight of God attachments are stains on the soul; they surround it with a gloom through which His light cannot penetrate. "When the soul is clothed in these affections, it has no capacity for being enlightened and possessed by the pure and simple light of God."¹⁵

Finally, desires weaken the soul in virtue, whose intensity of purpose is lessened when dispersed over multiple aims and objects. The more concentrated and unified our aim, the more energetic

¹¹ Jer. 2:13.

¹² Mt. 15:26.

¹³ Cf. *Ascent*, Book 1, Chap. 6-10.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, Chap. 6-VI.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, Chap. 4-I.

and effective it will be. St. John of the Cross declares: "It is impossible to explain in words . . . what variety of impurity is caused in the soul by a variety of desires . . . how each desire, in accordance with its quality and degree, be it greater or smaller, leaves in the soul its mark and deposit of impurity and vileness."¹⁶

Here the question suggests itself: Are all desires equally harmful? Our Mystical Doctor answers that "all desires are not equally hurtful, nor do they equally embarrass the soul,"¹⁷ for instance, those that are involuntary, infrequent, semideliberate. It may even happen that "the soul will be in the full union of the prayer of quiet in the will at the very time when these desires are dwelling in the sensual part of the soul, and yet the higher part, in prayer, will have nothing to do with them. But all other voluntary desires . . . must be driven away, and the soul must be free from them all . . . if it is to come to this complete union." Then, in the following words, our Saint touches the crux of the whole matter: "The reason is that the state of this divine union consists in the soul's total transformation, according to the will, in the will of God, so that there may be naught in the soul contrary to the will of God, but that . . . its movement may be that of the will of God alone."¹⁸

Another pertinent question: Does this teaching apply to everyone, to all classes of souls, to all states of life? We give the answer in the words of the Doctor himself: "To the end that all, whether beginners or proficients, may know how to commit themselves to God's guidance . . . we shall give instruction and counsel . . . so that they may be able to understand His will or, at least, allow Him to lead them."¹⁹ Later on, he adds: "We shall not here set down things . . . for all spiritual persons who desire to travel toward God by pleasant and delectable ways, but solid and substantial instruction, as well suited to one kind of person as to another, if they desire to pass to the detachment of spirit which is here treated."²⁰

In other words, his doctrine is for those who wish to accept it; for those who in all earnestness and determination aim at reaching the most intimate union with God in love. Obviously, there are

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, Chap. 9-IV.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, Prologue IV.

¹⁷ Chap. 11-II.

²⁰ *Ibid.*, Prologue VIII.

¹⁸ *Ibid.*, Chap. 11-II.

lesser degrees of union, for which a "milder" asceticism or mortification suffices. Here, the Saint addresses himself to generous souls who are not content with half measures toward a God who has spared Himself nothing for them, nor with comfortable, mediocre spiritual living. For these he provides a sure, safe, straight road to the summit of divine union; and he insists that "he who makes the ascent to God must needs be habitually careful to quell and mortify the desires." Even the practice of virtues will not sanctify the soul without interior mortification, for they would remain in a very imperfect state.

It is only our petty selfishness, our despicable self-seeking that prevents us from embracing this doctrine wholeheartedly and applying it to daily life. Every act of such interior self-denial — so hidden to all eyes but God's — is an act of pure love for Him, of preferential love. It involves a continual preference of Him over the miserable self-gratifications in which we habitually indulge, and it is repaid by a constant influx of His light and love.

The Sky Is Our Limit

Let no one conclude from the above explanation that St. John of the Cross is leading us into a spiritual vacuum, there to remain empty, listless, and motionless. Indeed, no! He does not teach that we must possess nothing, enjoy nothing, be nothing. On the contrary, he proposes as our objective to "have pleasure in everything," to "possess everything," to "be everything," to "know everything." What a program! What a goal! Surely this is the full life. Then he outlines the means for arriving at this spiritual summit.

First and foremost is "the habitual desire to imitate Christ in everything."²¹ For Christ is THE way; not one way, but the *only* Way. For this end, we must study His life and often meditate on it. Second, the Saint gives us that admirably brief, but all-inclusive ascesis of the "nothing" and the "all."

In order to arrive at having pleasure in everything,
Desire to have pleasure in nothing.

In order to arrive at possessing everything,
Desire to possess nothing.

²¹ *Ibid.*, Chap. 23-III.

In order to arrive at being everything,
Desire to be nothing.

In order to arrive at knowing everything,
Desire to know nothing.

Certainly, it seems like a contradiction: if you wish to possess *all*, desire *nothing*. In reality, it is one of those paradoxes with which Christianity abounds. "He who freely parts with his life for my sake will win it in the end."²²

A moment's reflection shows the reasonableness, the logic of St. John's teaching. God is the ALL; to possess Him fully, to the measure of our capacity, is to possess ALL; nothing is lacking to us. But, for this end we must empty ourselves of everything else. How can the ALL fill a soul already crowded with creatures?

To embrace such a program calls for humility, generosity, and above all, love. Humility — because we shall meet with many failures, many evidences of our weakness and misery. At the outset, we must recognize our need of God's grace and earnestly plead for it. Generosity is needed to surmount the weariness and disgust that often trouble and discourage beginners. But especially an ardent love for God, that can conquer the cravings and cringings of self-love and enthrone the Beloved as supreme in our heart. Ask yourself: Do I wish to love Him, truly and deeply? Or am I content to remain always a lover of myself, of my own interests, ambitions, gratifications?

Exacting though he is, St. John of the Cross is no heartless rigorist. His demands only express the exigencies of divine love. All this strait-jacketing of our impulses, inclinations, even legitimate desires, is imposed in the name of love, in the cause of love, for its greater purity and increase. The entire process reduces itself to the maxim of St. Augustine: the love of God to the contempt of self or the love of self to the contempt of God. Which do you choose? Or again the declaration of the Saint of saints: "He who is not with me is against me, and he who does not gather with me scatters."²³

In this dark night of desire, we begin to gather up and consolidate our spiritual strength. The willing power of the soul — which

²² Mt. 10:39.

²³ Lk. 11:23.

is likewise its loving power — is no longer “scattered” over multiple objects and objectives. It is condensed, concentrated, unified. Hence, the entire drive of our whole being is Godward; as it will be a second after our death — whether for eternal bliss or eternal woe.

Social Implications

We ought not to overlook nor underestimate the social value of this doctrine. What a bulwark it provides for the preservation and strengthening of the virtue and spirit of poverty! It is a sure antidote for the misuse of temporal goods, the comfort-seeking and worldliness which are presently undermining religious life. It expels these abuses by striking at their very roots.

More than that! United to the divine poverty of Jesus Christ, His lifelong detachment and penance, this interior self-denial constitutes an acceptable reparation for the widespread greed, avarice, dishonesty, luxury, and sensuality of the generation to which we belong. There is no need to enlarge here on the duty and necessity which obliges all of us — religious and laity alike — to offer personal reparation. Here is a means within easy reach of *everyone*; from which *no one* can claim justifiable exemption.

Mindful also of the solidarity which unites us in the Mystical Body of Christ, let us ponder what graces these hidden acts of renunciation may merit for souls, seduced by the glare and glitter of worldly wealth, and often buffeted by grave temptations. Every such act of ours is like an ounce of spiritual blood plasma transfused into the mystical members of Christ, strengthening them to persevere in their daily struggle against the triple concupiscence.

Liberty and peace! What catchwords they have become in our contemporary civilization! What slogans they have produced; what causes they have sponsored; what battles have been fought in their name! Yet the Scripture teaches us: “The fact is a man is the slave of whatever overcomes him.”²⁴ Where, then, is the free world? Who are the free men? Are not all of us slaves, if judged by this criterion? Indeed we are, if we allow our desires, passions, ambitions to tyrannize over us!

²⁴ 2 Pet. 2:19.

On the other hand, let us never forget what a price the Incarnate God has paid for our liberty and our peace — nothing less than the total shedding of His own priceless Blood. Yes, we have been “called unto liberty.” “Christ has set us free to enjoy freedom. Stand fast, then, and do not be caught again under the yoke of slavery. . . . What counts is faith that expresses itself in love.”²⁵

QUEEN OF THE LOOM AND THIMBLE

Seamstress Mary,
who stitched the robe of Christ,
the garment of our world is giving at the seams;
a tug at any side would tear
the social fabric, leaving the integument
of Christian culture bare to the elements
of communistic winds.

You, deft at darning,
can with subtle threads
renew the thinness of morality
and reinforce the shredding
that imperils
the intellectual lining of the Western cloak.

Queen of the loom and thimble,
we have met —
tailors of theory and leadership —
in Switzerland and Bruges,
with scissors and with patch,
to restore the cloth to pristine quality,
now wearing at the seams;
but we are clumsy with a hoop
and needle stitching in and out;
we beg your supervision at the task,
to do it well, without the pricking
of a finger, lest
on the attire
appear the stain of blood.

SISTER MARY HONORA, O.S.F.

²⁵ Gal. 5:1, 6.

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The Universality of Love

The Partisan Mind: its dangers

A. P. Campbell

David: "I've got to know which side I'm on. I've got to be on a side." — Christopher Fry,
A Sleep of Prisoners

ONE hears much of "identification" today: persons identify themselves with a group or a hero or with a particular stand on a question, and from this identification they derive various fruits — a vicarious pleasure of battle, a sense of security or of belonging, a cure for loneliness, etc. And at the same time there is generally generated a corresponding hatred, or at least a positive coldness, for the things which are not associated with the group or person indicated above. This double fruit of identification and antagonism seems to be a very normal expectation in man's mental climate, since we are all in some manner or other joined to groups and movements and have loves for family, friend, country, and so on; at least it is a matter of very common observation and experience. Many people go as far today as indicating that this movement of identification and its opposite gesture of opposition and exclusion are essential to man's soul life, which requires a constant stimulus and nourishment. From this conviction springs a good deal of the activity one encounters aimed at arousing people to group loyalty and at generating what is usually known as "spirit." The purpose of this article is to show that from an unwise and immoderate urging of this spirit of identification there arises a dangerous narrowing and constricting of the human spirit, which is here designated as "the partisan mind."

Because the partisan mind, in the view of those possessing and fostering it, is cherished as a good and virtuous thing, one feels in attacking it much the same as he does when he tries to argue the unwisdom, for instance, of teaching children the existence of Santa

Claus — for the partisan mind actually is a kind of Santa Claus which brings to its possessor the self-bestowed gifts of a delicious and prideful joy in promoting the side he is on, and a very virtuous distaste for the enemies of his side. Hence, in Christopher Fry's play, David cannot understand and forgive Peter, who finds it hard to "feel" for his side, because he somehow is able to feel for all. As most believe no child should be without Santa Claus, they believe also that no man should be without the pleasure of being on a side. David cries out desperately, "I've got to be on a side." It is true that there are always sides, as there are always differences: but the man of whole mind sees differences as things to be composed and sides to be united: the partisan mind rejoices that there are sides and differences, and where they do not exist, he is prone to create them.

Virtue or Vice?

Taking sides, striking for the right, sticking with your own — this is, you say, a good and praiseworthy thing to do, and where is the blame or the wrong in this, and where, indeed, can be the danger? It is very true that the right is to be defended, when the right is known. This is not the point at issue here. The difference between a virtue and a vice in *appearance* is sometimes slight: just as a toadstool looks most like a good mushroom and a piece of couch grass looks like a blade of young corn, the vices of pride or narrowness or hate, to mention a few, may have all the gentle trappings and even the sound and savor of virtues. Newman in his essay on *The Idea of a University* points out that "modesty" of the Victorian gentleman was often due not to humility but rather to pride; and his "self-respect" was from the same source: "Their conscience has become mere self-respect. . . . When they do wrong, they feel, not contrition, of which God is the object, but remorse and a sense of degradation. They call themselves fools, not sinners; they are angry and impatient, not humble. . . . They are victims of an intense self-contemplation." Now just as self-respect may be a perversion of humility, the partisan mind is produced by the foreshortening of perfect charity, the crippling of genuine love, which cannot live the life of grace thus fractioned and scotched.

Because it looks like genuine love, this partisan type must be

carefully traced and mapped out. I have said that it is the failure of perfect charity; and it will be seen that it fails in its extension, closing the circle short and with a magic stroke excluding all outside itself, like the circle closed against an evil spirit. In its beginnings the partisan mind seems very innocent, but it matures to dangerous fruit. In the faraway dragonish early days of mankind, one can imagine, many a member of our fair ancestry exclaimed over the cuteness of a baby dragon; but the baby grew up, however cute, into a roaring beast that fought its fellows in the slime and flew at night over the shuddering natives and had to be sought out and killed by the Georges and the Beowulfs and their medieval successors. Similarly what we honestly and earnestly plant in the minds of the children in the way of intense *group* loyalties and habits of side-seeking may grow into fanatical devotions that lead blindly into violence and hate.

Its great danger lies in the favored position enjoyed by the partisan mind. The sins of cruelty, drunkenness, impurity, and greed are comparatively easy to combat, for they seldom can successfully masquerade as first-class virtues. But who can resist loyalty of spirit and an aggressive piety toward one's own? Warmed with fumes of sentimentality, the partisan devotee identifies his cause with God and expects a divine as well as human reward for his devotion. Escape from this state of mind is very difficult and rare.

A Closed and Narrow Circuit of Love

So far the devil of the partisan mind has been seen in his fruits only; it is time that we summon forth and question him like Hamlet's ghost. One of the first things we discover is that he can never abide the whole of anything: the universal makes him see red — the red fire of hell, for he is a "creature of division" and the universal brooks no division. For Christ told us to love one another: He did not limit that message; He meant that all should love all. That "all" looms too large for the partisan-minded man to love; so he isolates a section and loves it, identifying himself with that part, wrapping it around himself in delicious warmth and turning his back on the rest of the whole.

At this point I hear a very loud objection: it is only possible to know the whole of mankind by knowing persons, individuals, to

know the whole by the accretion of the parts known, as you know the community progressively, from your family to the family doctor, the family grocer, the people next door, and so on. And as it is possible to know only a part, really, then the very nature of things pretty well demands a partial love. And furthermore, isn't it natural to expect a man to love his own children more than the children next door, and his own town more than the town over the hill? The objection must be answered in this way: It is not a question of the number of persons known or loved; it is a matter of attitude and position. The openhearted man extends his arms and his love outward, reaching, like Christ's arms on the cross, out to all mankind. The partisan-minded man turns inward to his own center, cutting off the rest of the world from his love. Furthermore a man truly does love his own children more than the children next door; but he does not love them *rather than* the children next door, nor his country *rather than* the rest of the world. True love has nothing comparative in its make-up. The man who truly loves his mother wants all other men to love their mothers in the same way, and he wants to join all men in praising mothers; but the man who says "I have the best mother in the world" is looking over his shoulder with a sense of superiority, with a sense of virtuous self-encirclement, feeling that this act of faith, however comparative and sentimental, is worthy of reward. Likewise the man who is proud of his wife because she is the prettiest woman at the party is not paying her the compliment of objective universal love; he is praising his own superior acquisition. He may expect other husbands to be making the same acts of faith about their wives; but one feels that such a man could not really love his wife if he were the only man in the world with the only wife; there would be no comparison, no act of faith. Now the man who really loves his wife does not care very much how she compares with other wives and other women. One eager young man with whom I once discussed this question, said to me, "Aren't you *proud* of your wife?" I said, "No. I rejoice in my wife; I thank God for her. But why should I be proud of her? I did not create her. I have no intention of setting her up on exhibition or entering into competition with other husbands." He shook his head rather sadly over my lack of a sense of spirit.

It is when we move from the family out into the community and the school and state that the question becomes really sharp. Many people (but still, I feel, a minority) are able to love their own community and love the surrounding communities with an extension of that same love; but the usual official and unofficial cry is to do better than the neighboring community, to work up "community spirit," which usually takes the form of doing something in a way that is "bigger and better" than any other community does it. This is accompanied, of course, by the required act of faith which says that it is the *best* community in existence. Such an act of faith is apt to be a dangerous thing; in the first place, only God deserves such an implicit and absolute act of faith; and, second, this act of faith is apt to blind the eye to faults in one's own group and to virtues in others. In this atmosphere, an act of faith is apt to be an offense against charity, which goes all the way down the road to the end. For charity does not seek its own; it is not proud; it is not puffed up. In other words, it has nothing in common with that which is narrow, self-centered, and inclined to self-contemplation.

An Egotistic Patriotism

On the national scale, partisan love usually manifests itself in the bitter fruit of intense nationalism. The man with true love of country thanks God for His gifts; he loves all God's creatures within the boundaries of his country and extends his loving heart beyond his country to all countries under God's sun. If he ever judges his country better than some other country, his judgment is a rational one and has nothing to do with an act of faith. He does not believe his country is better than some other country merely because he is a citizen of the fatherland; nor does he warm his patriotic zeal by rubbing it against his contempt for another country. The excessive "patriot," he of the partisan mind, has a fierce and jealous love for his country: he loves himself in it, and forever holds it up to the light, forever generating his enthusiasm for his own by favorable comparisons with other countries. His history is a recitation of his country's triumphs and injuries; his faith is a belief in her superiority over all others. If he does ever love another country, it is because, for the time being, that country is an ally of his country.

and is therefore to be loved. One need not look far in the world to see examples of violence and war brought about through the blind conflicts of rival nationalities, each burning with holy zeal and righteous cause.

Even among Catholics, who are, of all people, supposed to be universal and not narrow, one sees the sorry spectacle of constant scandal and bitterness based upon trivial national differences and fancied slights — shameful quarrels that often involve the clergy on both sides. In Catholic countries, so called, there is a tendency to speak as if the Faith belonged in a very special way to those people; a sentiment that has very often dangerous implications, as it is apt to identify nationalism and the Christian Faith, and apt to be as passionate for one as for the other. Leaders, who usually know what will catch on with the people, are apt to use the Church for national ends; and even those who try to use national sentiments for religious ends are apt to yoke up a strange team composed of charity and intolerance. Take, for instance, the Catholic French Canadian: one hears very often the rather silly slogan: "Lose your language, and you lose your faith." Priests have often used this as a means of keeping alive both the faith and the French tongue. At least that is the claim. But it is hard not to feel that zeal for the language comes first. The answer to that statement is very simple: If your belief in God, if your religion, is so much a thing of the lips merely that you lose your faith if you say "God" instead of "Dieu," then I do not suppose it matters much whether you keep that faith or not. Such a claim is pure partisan nonsense and unworthy of any person who knows the meaning of charity and of religion. Very often people will point to the good things that are accomplished through arousing a national fervor and spirit in people. This is not denied. But it is also true that the results never validate the means. One might arouse people to action by the more straightforward vices of greed and lust; in which case, he could not claim that the process was a virtuous one.

Love of Country — Real or Sham?

It is time that the whole question of love of country be examined anew; it has too often been considered as one of the great natural virtues. I seriously question whether it is a purely natural

instinct at all, especially today when so many countries are so large that the very notion of the country, its scope and size, its beauties, etc., is something taken on faith, learned in school. There is, moreover, nothing sacred in the idea of nations as such. God did not create nations; He created people, and history has in various ways shaped men into different nations — temporary and changing states, kingdoms, empires, republics. And these practical units add up to the universal known as mankind. Understood in the sense of things you know and see — the hills and valleys you roam as a boy, the city you knew in youth, the rivers in which you swim, the fields you till — these may very naturally draw out your love and call out the instinct to protect them. But how much of your country today do you know? It is often true that large sections of our own country are unknown to us, while parts of another country have aroused our love. Now genuine love of country means a love of mankind that begins with those near at hand and extends like a pleasant odor, reaching out toward the ends of the fatherland and flowing on to the remotest nation under the heavens. For one must always be aware that God made all men in the world; He also made all of the geographical world and spent as much loving care upon the creation and shaping of one part as another. In urging us to love all men, Christ pointed out that there is not much credit in loving your own — for even the pagans do that. Those words of Christ need to be pondered today; the notion must abide with us that an extension of our love to all mankind is an essential mark of a Christian, that it is, in fact, one of the primary requisites for genuine civilization.

Do We Need to Cultivate Enemies?

One of the most interesting of social phenomena is the way in which people, disunited and quarreling, are drawn together and united in the face of a common danger. The conclusions drawn from this fact are not always the true ones. One does not have to look about much to see examples of the unifying force of common danger or common concern. Danger is, as a rule, the best binder. A family beset with financial or other grief finds its sense of unity again; a country in time of war or under the shadow of a tyrant leaves petty quarrels and unites in strength. Even plagues, earth-

quakes, famine, and the like may draw people together wonderfully in mutual concern and love. National leaders have usually been aware of this magic formula, and many have faked dangers from without in order to unite the country firmly against a common foe. Hitler did this very well.

In this line, it is sometimes suggested that the only way one might get the peoples of the earth to unite in perfect harmony would be to have an invasion come upon us from another planet. It is felt that such an event would be a good thing, for it would bring out the brotherhood of *man*, as opposed to, say, the Martian. There is a very interesting fable written by Max Beerbohm, *The Terrible Dragon of Hay Hill*. It goes like this: A dragon assaults a primitive community, with the result that the people, who have been quarreling and bickering, are drawn together in wonderful harmony and love, sensing their common cause against the dragon. The dragon is finally killed. The people then fall into their old habits of hatred and backbiting as before. Finally Thol, who had slain the dragon, rigged up a fake dragon that sent smoke up daily from a cave, and this once again united the people in cheerful harmony.

The moral from these examples is usually read in this way: it is good for people to be under threat of danger and harm from without, for it unites them. People feel that this is the "natural" state of things. But it is natural only in a very broad and colloquial sense of usually happening. Actually, the meaning of these examples, and especially the fable of Hay Hill, is this: since we can pull ourselves together and realize our common humanity only under the stress of a common enemy or danger, our usual state is one of selfishness, narrowness, and mean self-interest. Although we have progressed greatly in some fields, in this respect mankind has remained rather primitive and uncivilized. For if there is in effect a genuine charity and a civilized conscience, there is no need for such external pressure to shape and mold us together in common humanity; we blend together in a harmony of genial spirits, in a sense of rational and charitable oneness, whether the area involved is a province, a country, a continent, or a world. Leaders who feel that appeals to differences with other groups, or reminders of dangers, real or imaginary, are the best and nearly

the only means of uniting people are still working within a primitive framework.

The connection of the foregoing with the partisan mind is very simple: the perimeter of the partisan mind often changes; and when the various differing groups are brought together by a common danger, the new perimeter is set up — but the principle is the same: it is still a partial notion, it is still turned against "the others," the outsiders.

It is in time of war that one sees most clearly the working of the partisan spirit; for then practically anything is allowed that will promote the safety and welfare of the countries engaged. Propaganda machines turn out "information" that is mostly lies — as both sides usually admit after the war is over. At the time it was not considered wrong to falsify truth in the service of the national gods. When wars are over, too, history starts calmly to analyze the causes and to seek the rights and wrongs of the question. Very often it is discovered that right and wrong was pretty evenly divided between the two countries. And when the heroism of soldiers on both sides is being praised, one seldom hears the expression of a deep regret that many should have died over a confused issue. Very few seem to realize that these men were sacrificed to the god of partisan love; for what reason can discover after a war, both reason and love could have discovered before it happened and prevented it. The more or less official attitude is that wars are as natural as the air you breathe, and that they do provide the occasion for the practice of the noble virtue of patriotism. This is an illogical and inhuman view of things, a view originating in the partisan mind. A sense of grief that the garment of universal love is constantly rent by war should give men such resolution not to fight and kill that ways should be found for reason and universal charity to prevail. But poets have sung of the romance of war and young men have plumed their hearts in glory and universal love has been left lying a-cold, after being rather feebly dropped from the lips of philosopher and priest. Even if Catholics alone would begin to realize the meaning of the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ, the world might be on the way to a solution of this problem; but their hearts are too full of themselves for this doctrine to lay hold, or if some do try

to cling to it, they do so with a sense of excluding those who are not of that Body.

World Government

One of the best proofs of the prevalence and the danger of the partisan mind is the difficulty encountered when you attempt to hold any serious discussion of the possibility of world political organization, some version or other of the notion of world government. One would think that the *idea* at least might be acceptable as the extension of reason and charity, even though skepticism of the means and practical methods might be rather common; but the very notion of such a union is regarded with hard suspicion. I recently even heard a rather learned young man suggest that such a notion savored of antichrist. God knows how or why. Some manage to connect the idea with the Communists and therefore find it untouchable. Others, who hold to the necessity of comparative love and loyalty, see this large notion as something de-humanized and monstrous — a cold, unaffectionate, completely homogenized political mass incapable of receiving or of generating love. Unconsciously the person who speaks in this vein shows the narrowness of his national concept of unity, a homogenizing and standardizing process that strives to identify a whole set of responses with "patriotic" feeling and attitude. This is not an appeal for world political unity, although I would not be slow to make such an appeal; it is simply a diagnosis of that peculiar frame of mind common to our people which prevents the notion of *wholeness* from being taken very seriously. Wrong indeed is the notion that conformity and complete uniformity are demanded for unity. Strangers of all colors, creeds, and professions may join hands and hearts on a single issue and retain their national and cultural identity and even grow in their own particular sphere as a result of union with others — even as a woman is never more womanly than when she is united to a husband in the begetting of common offspring.

When some people agree that in theory it is good to root out the partisan mind, they add a qualification that tends to keep the reform forever in the distant and theoretical state; they say it is "idealistic" (by which they usually mean rather childishly

optimistic) and add that to expect to remove excessive attachments to sides is to ask for perfection in the world. Now that is a false argument. We do not expect people to be suddenly free of hatred or intolerance any more than we expect them to be completely free of impurity or greed; there will always be excessive and intolerant zeal — but it need not pass for a virtue; one will always find narrowness, but it need not be offered a crown of glory.

Education

On the question of removing the partisan spirit, some say very simply that more education will do the trick. This reminds us of the sarcastic words of Belloc, "When we know more, we will be wiser than we were before." Mere knowing more will do nothing toward rendering charity perfect; in fact, the educated are just as apt to be intolerant as the ignorant, and the learned are as perversely sentimental and partisan as the illiterate. For charity does not come necessarily via the classroom; it comes only through the word of Christ seriously taken. Actually, the partisan mind is prepared in the schools; for from the earliest years, class may be pitted against class as a means of spurring on all students. This system works; it makes them eager to outshine others — but it is apt to plant dragon's teeth in young minds. Most teachers are afraid to trust in the ideal of perfection as a stimulus to the student — because through their own purely comparative training they have no concept of perfection to give the students except the perfection of "coming first." School spirit is engendered as a means of giving the children pride in their school; so that by the time the youth is ready for college or for the workshop of the world, he is thoroughly partisan-minded, full of wise saws and modern instances about preparation for life in a "competitive world." He has never stopped to think just what that means, but he is full of it; the world of advertising is spread all over the corners of his mind like peanut butter on a slice of enriched, machine-sliced bread. Now and again the slogan bubbles forth: "Competition is the spice of life."

Games

It is the concept of this thing "competition" as the essence of life that keeps a strong supporting arm around the partisan mind.

Life is called a "game" or a "strife" or a "contest." This concept of life may be true in a quite limited and analogical way; but it must not mean that man is pitted inevitably against man. Our struggle is with the forces of evil, with the weakness of the flesh, with the old leaven of Adam. If there is a contest, men are all on the same side, not on opposite ones. Viewed as a game, life is meaningless; and yet the zealous pursuit of competitive games today is carried on in the false notion that this prepares for life. Life is not a game; for a game leads to nothing, it issues in nothing. It is essentially a matter of make-believe, self-bounded and self-rewarding. By its very nature it is fiercely partisan and made of sides — otherwise it cannot exist. But a game was designed for relaxation, for simple and joyous striving of body and mind against body and mind until the hour strikes and the game ends and the sides merge into one. When games are taken too seriously, when they become too highly selective and geared to the participation of "stars," then they generate self-importance and an intolerant sense of devotion to the side, a sense that carries over into daily life and, conceiving of life itself as a competition, perpetuates the partisan mind. To think of life, also, as a fight, in which only one side can win is false; for we all are meant to win, we all are meant to have the crown of glory, and we are meant to assist each other. This "competitive" attitude toward life makes it sound as if only so many persons could get to heaven, and if one is to be sure of getting there he must be ahead of his competitors. Nothing could be farther from the true nature of the Christian's life upon earth. It is true that there is a certain amount of contesting over the goods of the world: the mature and full heart wishes that there be enough for all; the partisan feels that it is a good thing there is scarcity, for it makes people more eager to hunt for their share, to be on the "winning side."

One final objection to our thesis may be considered: the protest that a deliberate avoidance of sides actually blots out the difference between good and evil and makes impossible a stand upon any question in dispute. This sounds on the surface like a strong objection, but as a matter of fact the partisan mind is least of all able to cope with any matter of principle, because a habit of clinging to a side *for its own sake*, of making acts of faith in its

own group has blotted from the partisan mind any real and objective picture of good and of evil. Good and bad and right and wrong very often cut right across party distinctions. The only way to keep a clear eye for the truth is to avoid taking sides for its own sake; the way to keep one's integrity intact is to love the right and fight strongly for it wherever it lies; the way to keep in perfect charity is to hate sin wherever it is found and love the sinner on whatever side he is found.

MAGDALENE: 1960

She arose
as a gray sentence of dawn
slowly defined the littered clothes,
the rumpled bed.

Despair plowed
along her drowsy veins
while motel water sloughed
with tinny splash.

Writing a note
that sundered bond, she snatched
the keys, tossed on her coat,
dashed to the car.

Under the wheel
she slid, straightened her skirt,
winced, then planted a nervous heel;
high-geared a trail.

On every curve
hands vised where tipsy hunks
of turf careened; the Chevy swerved
and ricocheted.

Rawly alone
in racketty remorse,
wide-eyed she poked, with broken bone,
to a wayside shrine.

Her prayer — "now
and at the hour of death."

And only heaven knew, somehow,
here bled a saint.

SISTER MARY HONORA, O.S.F.

Father Marie Eugene, O.C.D., former General of the Order, is a French Carmelite, author of I Want to See God and I Am a Daughter of the Church.

A Living, Modern Theology of Love

Father Marie Eugene, O.C.D.

IN SPITE of an eminently practical attitude, the teaching of St. John of the Cross remains logically organized and its foundations are solidly laid according to his guiding principles. St. Theresa, too, organizes and classifies when she marks out the degrees of spiritual growth. Both wrote treatises, both are specialists, and they have constructed between them the science of mysticism.

St. Theresa of the Infant Jesus is their true child. Because of influences at home and of personal zeal, she is occupied with the same apostolic concerns; she also discloses her treasures only to guide and help. But when we place her beside the great masters of Carmel, she seems to be a very young teacher. The form of her instruction makes us think of the young assistant mistress of novices, which she was and which she continues to be with us. Here is a statement which illustrates her system very well:

On July 17, 1897, she said: "I feel that my mission is going to begin, my mission to make God loved as I love Him."

"What way do you wish to teach souls?"

"My Mother, it is the way of spiritual childhood, it is the way of trust and absolute self-surrender. I wish to point out to souls the means that I have always found so completely successful, to tell them there is only one thing to do here below — to offer our Lord the flowers of little sacrifices, and to win Him by our caresses.

That is how I have won Him, and that is why I shall be made so welcome."

This is our young mistress. Seated beside us, she shares her memories and her experiences, she gives voice to the truths which have welled up within her and she draws practical advice from them, in tones of sincerity and loving trust. It is a question of being childlike, of staying poor, and of having unfaltering trust, of using the means she did to succeed — in short, of following her little way. All of this is presented with charm, but without theological display, even without any effort at intellectual consistency or explanation of her thought, with the simplicity of a child. The quotation from Holy Scripture or St. John of the Cross which sometimes punctuates a statement, the gracious image which often illustrates the thought, seem, deliberately, to cloak the originality of her thought and the riches of the life which they reflect.

Simplicity and outward poverty are precious possessions in the Theresian message. Under the pretext of spreading this message, let us not detract from it by elaborate window dressing. That would be like giving to young David the armor of Saul. It would be to rob the message actually of its grace, to lessen its influence and its usefulness. Let us leave it its simple adornment of the language of a child. Nevertheless, there is a great danger, and one not always avoided, of mixing this apparent littleness with a certain easy art of accommodating the requirements of saintliness to childish weakness and the lazy rule of the least effort; of reducing her simplicity to a smiling mediocrity and to an affected banality. Such a confusion would make a sentimental offering to Divine Mercy, and just a few little sacrifices, according to the degree of our fervor. We would have the mistaken belief that these would qualify us as true disciples of Theresa of the Infant Jesus and enable us to share in her greatest spiritual triumphs.

There could be no greater way to misrepresent the doctrine of St. Theresa of the Infant Jesus than to judge it only by appearances. Her simplicity issues from a true sublimity, this littleness hides a heroic strength and leads to an undeniable grandeur. Her teaching, when examined carefully, reveals such intellectual breadth, such spiritual penetration, that one is at first surprised, then dazzled, and finally feels a kind of dizziness at its depths and harmony.

This is in fact the opinion of several theologians familiar with the Theresian doctrine.

Content of the Theresian Message

In the Theresian teaching there are several points, such as *self-surrender, little sacrifices, the act of offering*, at once so important and so misleading that we must look at them closely. There is great temptation to become poetic about these shining aspects. A temptation, I say, for then we should fail to really analyze the basic principle of her entire doctrine.

A summary of this teaching seems possible only by going back to the springs from which it flowed. St. Theresa of the Infant Jesus is a person lovingly captivated by God, a contemplative. Her mystical experience although obscure, is the blazing hearth which lights up all her behavior and all her teaching. Let us use this as a point of departure.

Contemplative Light Upon the Merciful God

In her *Autobiography*, St. Theresa of the Infant Jesus writes: "To me He has manifested His Infinite Mercy, and it is in this shining mirror that I gaze upon His other attributes which appear all radiant with love, all, even justice. What joy to remember that Our Lord is just; that He makes allowances for all our shortcomings, and knows full well how weak we are. What have I to fear then? Surely the God of infinite justice who pardons the Prodigal Son with such mercy will be *just* with me 'Who am always with Him.'"

Let us watch out that this positive simplicity does not hide its own importance and quality. It is not a question in fact of one of those lights which feed our prayer for an instant or even for several days. Theresa's gaze is so simplified that everything in God and in the world seems to her bathed in the same light, in a single mirror, that of the Infinite Mercy of God. The whole web of the *Autobiography* bears it out. Theresa sings of the Divine Mercy which she finds in the whole, in all the details of her life, in happy events such as Celine's entry into Carmel; and in the saddest, the humiliating illness of her father.

In the plan of Redemption everything found its meaning and

reason for existence in the Divine Mercy which dominates both the Christian economy and the building up of the Mystical Body of Christ.

The discovery of this truth of divine faith — the transcendence of God and the primacy of His actions — in such a simple and pure light seems to us the highest and most important contemplative grace which St. Theresa of the Infant Jesus received. I should like to lay special emphasis on this.

This grace had for its basis and point of departure the obscure presence of God which, seeming like a living and gentle weight on Theresa's soul, drew her into recollection from her earliest years. Her heart and her feelings were molded by the warm affections of her family into the delicate tenderness of loving responsiveness. The wound caused by her mother's death and the shock of Pauline's entering Carmel loosened these feelings from earthly things and laid them open to Uncreated Love. The little pupil of the Benedictine Sisters experienced divine jealousy in the disappointments she had in friendship with other children. Love wanted all of this soul for Himself, and He made it feel this in the encounter of her First Communion, which was a "fusion."

"On that day it was more than a meeting; it was a complete fusion. We were no longer two, for Theresa had disappeared like a drop of water lost in the mighty ocean. Jesus alone remained — the Master and the King."

To this precious experience of the unifying encounter with Love, the grace of Christmas, 1886, will add that of the transforming power of this Love. Its action will lead to infusions of charity and show itself even on the surface.

"In one moment Jesus, content with good will on my part, accomplished what I have been trying to do for years. Charity took possession of my heart, making me forget myself; and I have been happy ever since."

The grace of zeal and thirst for souls as the angels know it was received a short time afterward and enabled her to enter into the Divine Love Himself, there to experience His profound longings, His sufferings. The Divine Love thirsts to pour Itself out everywhere but mankind refuses to accept It.

There were not only aridities. She avows having had transports.

St. Theresa of the Infant Jesus reached what we may call the great vision of the divine fire of Love. This vision in living faith calls for knowledge, gained through experience, of the way of Divine Love. Faced with hatred and indifference, Divine Love gives Himself relentlessly, and not only in a just and reasonable measure, but with the reckless ingenuity of love. Love in this degree is called Mercy. It is this Mercy which Theresa discovered.

This discovery inspired her offering to Merciful Love, made on the feast of the Holy Trinity (June 9, 1895). The offering was the prayer that this Merciful Love might consume her unceasingly and allow floods of Its infinite tenderness to overwhelm her. This is an act of first importance. It is the normal outcome of the aspirations of St. Theresa of the Infant Jesus and it will illumine her entire spiritual life.

This offering receives, it seems to me, a double answer. The first is the wound of love several days later, Friday, June 14, 1895. It marks the possession of her soul by Divine Mercy.

“Since that day Love has surrounded me and penetrated me through and through,” she writes. St. Theresa experienced the transformation of Love in its overwhelming plenitude.

The second answer, I think, is found in the temptations against the Faith which start to assail her the following year (Easter, 1896). This trial brought waves of love, of which she was aware, but its principal effect was to let her share in the sufferings of Love in Its struggle here below against sin. It is the drama of the Divine Love on earth, the interior drama of Gethsemani and of Calvary, the hand-to-hand struggle between Love and Sin-Hate, which has received freedom to bring all its destructive strength to bear against Love. Love defends Itself and will triumph by patient silence. We can see how the gaze of Theresa may have been fixed upon the face of Jesus Christ in His Passion, that this holy face may have been her “only country, her kingdom of love, the star which guided her footsteps.” Theresa is happy “to eat the black bread of sinners” with Jesus in His sufferings and she does not want to leave Him until she shares His death in the shadows of Calvary.

This identification with the crucified Jesus will be followed normally by participation with Jesus in His resurrection. Every-

thing from now on proceeds from this great experience of transforming Love. It wells up but is restrained in its manifestation. Its apostolic desires extend across the ages and to all places, follies occur which only Love can allow Itself to have, for only through Divine Love could they ever come to pass. Here are her lights on Divine Love Itself:

"I saw that all vocations are summed up in love, and that is all in all, embracing every time and place because it is eternal. In a transport of ecstatic joy, I cried: 'Jesus, my love, I have at last found my vocation; *it is love*. I have found my place in the Church's heart, the place You Yourself have given me, my God. Yes, there in the heart of Mother Church *I will be love*; so shall I be all things, so shall my dreams come true.'"

These lights led her to the very center of Divine Love, to transformation into and identification with this Love. She was already aware of It as the source of every good, of supreme joy and indescribable suffering, as the universal spring of spiritual fruitfulness, and, even then, as the calm security of eternal peace.

What will she do then to realize her hopes and the eternal design of God as well, to comfort the Divine Heart and to lighten the burdens of men? There is a single thing which from now on unites her personal life with her mission, which becomes her sole wish: to make Divine Love known and to diffuse it everywhere. She was asked if she desired heaven in order to enjoy God.

"No, it is not that which draws me," she replied.

"What then?"

"It is Divine Love! To love and be loved, and come back to earth to win love for our Love."

To lead souls to the regions she has reached, to make them find this Love and to deliver them to Him, that they may give the same joy to God, that they may have the same experiences, that they may there find the same peace and strength, such then is her only wish and her mission: "But why this desire to tell others the secrets of Your Love? Can You not, Yourself, reveal to others what You have revealed to me? I know You can and I beg You to do so; *I implore You, cast Your eyes upon a multitude of little souls; choose out in this world, I beg of You, a legion of little victims worthy of Your LOVE.*" This is the most important point of all.

It is the heart of the Theresian message: to know and to reveal Divine Love. It would hardly be worthwhile to go on if we have not understood and accepted this.

Confidence and Spiritual Poverty

How to respond to the call of Divine Love and to abandon oneself to Its action? Those who wish to approach God, says the Apostle, must believe that God exists and that He gives Himself to those who seek Him. The Gospels tell us that Jesus habitually asked faith of those who sought favors and that this faith, when it was strong, made them tremble. It was through faith that they succeeded in obtaining His miracles. Passing contact through faith is not enough. To act continually in the soul, Divine Love needs to have the soul open at all times to the flow of His grace. This disposition is trust or loving faith, or, better still, that abandonment which the soul practices when completely given up to God, Whom she loves.

This loving trust and abandonment is then the fundamental disposition of the Theresian spirituality. To the question, "What method do you wish to teach souls?" St. Theresa of the Infant Jesus replied without hesitation (July 17, 1897): "It is the way of spiritual childhood, the way of trust and complete self-surrender." She had written in the *Autobiography*: "Jesus has chosen to show me the only way which leads to the Divine Furnace of Love; it is the way of childlike self-surrender, the way of a child who sleeps, afraid of nothing, in its father's arms." Even more boldly, she wrote: ". . . Jesus claims no more from us; He does not need our works, only our love." The passage goes on to explain that this love is expressed by trust.

But is this quietism? Certainly not, for St. Theresa sets out only to affirm the primary importance of trust in order to attract Merciful Love, without ever denying the necessity of deeds. The practice of trust and of self-surrender requires above all a truly heroic asceticism. These virtues find their perfection, in fact, only in a complementary attitude which is that of spiritual poverty. In a letter to Sister Marie of the Sacred Heart where she explains her message, Theresa points out the natural relation of these two virtues, trust and poverty:

"What pleases God is to see me love my littleness and poverty, the blind hope I have in His mercy. . . . That is my sole treasure, dearest Godmother; why should not this treasure be yours? . . . Understand that to love Jesus, to be His victim of love, the weaker one is . . . the more apt one is for the operations of that consuming and transforming Love." In these lines St. Theresa has given us her secret, the inner structure of her little way of trust.

St. Theresa never tires of insisting upon the need of these two attitudes and of showing the fruitfulness of co-operating with Divine Mercy which desires to pour Itself out upon all mankind. She underlines that Jesus came in fact not for the holy, but for sinners. It is the distress of the sinner which draws God because He is offered a vacuum to fill. St. Theresa illuminated the rather mysterious affirmation of the Gospels: "There is more joy in heaven over one sinner's repentance than over ninety-nine just who persevere."

Among the great things which God has wrought in her, she values as the greatest that He showed her her littleness and her weakness. And she summarizes her conception of perfection in this sentence: "It is sufficient to recognize one's nothingness and to surrender oneself as a child in the arms of the good God."

Spiritual Childhood

Trust and spiritual poverty irresistibly draw Divine Love. This law is confirmed in Theresa: "I will find a little way to heaven, very short and direct, an entirely new way. We live in the age of inventions now, and the wealthy no longer climb the stairs; they take an elevator. . . . So I searched the Scriptures for some hint of my desired *elevator* until I came upon these words from the lips of Eternal Wisdom: 'Whosoever is a little one, let him come to me!' (Proverbs 9, 4.) Wanting to know what He would do to a 'little one' I continued my search. This is what I found: 'You shall be carried at the breasts and upon the knees; as one whom the mother caresseseth, so will I comfort you' (Isaias 64, 12-13). My heart had never been moved by such tender and consoling words before! *Your arms, my Jesus, are the elevator* which will take me up to heaven. There is no need for me to grow up; on the contrary I must stay little, and become more and more so."

The child which St. Theresa takes and offers as a model to us is not a little weak creature who by her winning charms imposes her wishes and caprices on everyone. "To be truly a small child is to realize one's nothingness, to await everything from the good God, as a small child waits for everything from its father; it is to worry about nothing, not to earn a fortune. . . ." "To be little is not to attribute to oneself the virtues one practices, believing oneself capable of something special, but to recognize that the good God places this treasure of virtue in the hand of His little child, so that He may use it when He needs it again. It remains always the treasure of the good God."

St. Theresa of the Infant Jesus in this important statement portrays the fundamental attitude of spiritual childhood. She reveals first of all the filial instinct of sanctifying grace; this child who found her place in the Holy Trinity can no longer bear to be separated from her Father, God. If a difficulty arises, if a more important task is given to her, instinctively she goes "quickly to place herself in the arms of the good God, just as a baby would do if it were frightened; she hid her head on her Father's shoulder."

Her prayer consists in gazing upon God from close by, in striving to know Him better by means of His gestures and words, as the Gospels give them to us. Because she is guided by grace and not by a natural need of caresses, this filial search for God accepts the laws of the supernatural order which regulate our contacts with God. She depended on the certitudes of the Faith to persevere in her search, but she accepted lovingly the veil of obscurity which faith draws here below upon the supernatural realities which it reveals. Theresa does not want false representations from beyond, she does not even wish supernatural manifestations which are only analogies. "All these pictures do me no good, I cannot find sustenance except in the truth. That is why I have not wished for visions." "Do you remember that it is in the spirit of my little way never to wish to see? You well know that I have said many times to God, to the angels, and to the saints:

That my desire is not
To see them here below."

The simplicity and the supernatural purity of this filial attitude and of this gaze determinedly fixed upon God, beyond all the

clouds and all the images, made of this child a sublime contemplative. She reached the highest divine attributes and captured them.

"We must learn to hold Him prisoner, this God Who makes Himself a mendicant for our love. In telling us that a hair can work so great a marvel, He is showing that the *smallest actions* done for love are the actions which win His heart. Ah! If we had to do great things, how much to be pitied we should be! But how fortunate we are, since Jesus lets Himself be held by the *smallest*!"

Love has the duty to express itself in more than a gaze, it must perform acts. What will these actions be? Aware of her childish weakness, she will not lean toward a brilliant asceticism with its apparent strength or heroism. The little cross of iron which made her ill was the means of giving her a definite light, which confirmed what she had within herself felt. Should she, because of her littleness, refuse to make any effort? Certainly not. She will accept on the contrary everything which God will impose on her and ask of her by commandment, the duties of her state, whatever may befall her. These things are the proof and the message of God's love, and her weakness must not lead to fear for God gives strength when He imposes a burden, should it be beyond human competence. She will submit herself to all with scrupulous faithfulness and attention. This will be proof of her love.

"I can prove my love only by scattering flowers," she tells Jesus; "that is to say, by never letting slip a single little sacrifice, a single glance, a single word; by making profit of the *smallest actions*, by doing them all for love. I want to suffer, and even rejoice for love, for this is my way of scattering flowers. Never a flower shall I find but its petals shall be scattered for You."

Such is the heroism of littleness, entirely infused with love. God will not fail to furnish the daily nourishment adapted to its needs and its growth, from the little pin pricks at the beginning of the religious life to the agonizing purifications and the last trials which will assure the goal. These trials Theresa hid behind a smile, because the smile is pre-eminently the adornment of a child's face. "I will sing, yes, always sing, even when gathering my roses in the midst of thorns; and the longer and sharper the thorns may be, the sweeter shall be my song!"

To hide her suffering so as not to inconvenience others is itself

a delicate act of charity. St. Theresa loves this virtue in a special way, "*because one loves the good God to the extent that one practices it*," and because it is the virtue of God, Who is Love. She will practice it with particular care and recommend it to others in the last pages she is to write here on earth. Such is the message of Theresa of the Infant Jesus, the message of a child, of a worthless little thing. It is only to tell us that God is Love, that God wants to diffuse the flames of His love in our souls, and that we can be transformed and consumed by His love by making ourselves "humble and little in His arms, knowing our own weakness, and confiding even to the point of boldness in His goodness as a Father." A message poor in appearance, feeble in the means it suggests, sublime in the summit to which it leads us.

Speculative Truths and Spiritual Theology

St. Theresa of the Infant Jesus is nothing less than a theologian, in the ordinary sense of the word. She did not construct a doctrine based on speculative principles; she did not develop theological truths; she did not even compose an ordered treatise on her way of spiritual childhood. However, the practical teaching which she gives with such consistency implicitly affirms the truths of spiritual theology, which emerge in full clarity. If these truths be formulated, they take on a tone which surprises us. They seem almost like bold novelties.

The novelty is, it seems to me, that St. Theresa saw God and Christianity with the eyes of a child, pure and unspoiled; that what the eyes of her soul discovered she applied with strict logic and this she then explained with simplicity and candid sincerity, which are childlike. She reached the truth without any bias, her purity discerned what was essential, and her selflessness loved it fully. Her simplicity leads us to a purity and an integrity of doctrine based fully on the Gospel. Her novelty and the special grace are in this simplicity, which makes her a member of the family of great spiritual teachers of our time.

We have been shown how St. Theresa searches out the core of the Gospel for us. We may go even farther and stress the striking similarities of her spiritual doctrine with that of the Apostle St. Paul, and the *Summa* of St. Thomas. St. Theresa of the Infant

Jesus never read or studied the *Summa* of St. Thomas, and yet her spiritual summary echoes the theological summary of the great doctor. Without wanting to push the parallel too far, I should like to point out in passing that the central idea which guided the development of each one's thought is this transcendence of God and the primacy of His action. Simplicity and depth make great masters; and even when they work in different areas, assure the happiest meetings under the same ray of light.

Might the little Theresa then be a great spiritual theologian? If we can define spiritual theology as the science which, under the illumination flowing from God and His Christ, puts all things in their proper places and which, with wisdom, organizes the progress of man toward his final end, we can say "Yes." Her gaze has entered into God to great depths. She has discovered with clarity the road which leads to union. She is able to explain her discovery in language as simple as a child's. She possesses to a high degree the science of salvation and she transmits it with a rare perfection.

St. Theresa of the Infant Jesus wrote to one of her spiritual brothers: "Sometimes when I read spiritual treatises, in which perfection is shown with a thousand obstacles in the way and a host of illusions round about it, my poor little mind grows weary very soon, and I close the learned book, which leaves my head muddled and my heart parched, and I take the Holy Scriptures. Then all seems luminous, a single word opens up infinite horizons to my soul, perfection seems easy; I see that it is enough to realize one's nothingness, and give oneself wholly like a child into the arms of the good God." A severe judgment, perhaps, on treatises written with learning and devotion, but it shows us the needs of the soul athirst for the living and clear water and how her own teaching meets them.

The second truth affirmed by this teaching is that *deep spiritual life is a mystical life*. If we define mystical life as that in which the direct action of God through the gifts of the Holy Spirit is predominant, it is easy to prove that St. Theresa did not conceive living the spiritual life in any other way. It will suffice to recall some observations already made to prove this. All her teaching is based on the conviction that, created by Love, we must give to God Who is Love this form of love which consists especially in

satisfying His desire to communicate with our souls. Our personal action is necessary, but it will not proceed in first-class fashion except with the growth of trust and abandon. She explains:

"You remind me of a little child just learning how to stand on its feet, yet determined to climb a flight of stairs in order to find its mother. Time after time it tries to set its tiny foot upon the lowest step, and each time it stumbles and falls. . . . Do as that little one did. By the practice of all the virtues keep on lifting your foot to climb the ladder of perfection, but do not imagine you can yourself succeed in mounting even the very first step. God asks of you nothing but good will. From the top of the stairs He looks down lovingly; and presently, touched by your fruitless efforts, He will take you in His arms to His kingdom, never to be parted from Him again."

The part of God and the part of man are laid down in this happy symbol; she has experienced herself the uselessness of her efforts until the arms of Jesus, raising her up, placed in her soul the attitudes she desired. Thus when at the end of her life someone said to her, "Truly you are a saint!" she replied with conviction: "No, I am not a saint, I have never wrought the works of a saint. I am but a tiny soul whom the good God has loaded with His favors. The truth of what I say will be made known to you in heaven."

All these affirmations cast the same light: that of the supreme and exclusive efficacy of the action of God in the supernatural realm, with all the practical consequences that follow. Our surprise at hearing them indicates that the truths are buried and practically nonexistent in many spirits. Activist tendencies in spirituality arising from pride and a fear of quietism become morbid when encouraged. They give too much value to the personal effort, and place disproportionate emphasis on asceticism, to the point of overlooking the needs of almost all souls. Most souls long for divine and human contacts in spiritual life and for the action of God, which through the ages has made the activity of the soul a matter of simple co-operation with Him.

The direct interventions of God have been systematically relegated to the highest levels of spiritual life. They have been considered as extraordinary cases and habitually doubted. The most

modest of these interventions, such as prayer, sufficed either to frighten, or, what is more dangerous, to inspire a naïve and secretly proud admiration. This can happen to a soul of good will and also to the soul charged with enlightening and leading it.

The practical mistrust of real gifts has had even graver though less obvious consequences. In allowing souls to ignore the desires of Love and the part It normally plays in our sanctification, faith and the hope necessary to call forth and co-operate with the Divine overflowing have been practically snuffed out. These souls have not shown a more vigorous activity in the practice of virtue, for in killing great desires one destroys many chances of heroism. Theresa's asceticism of love is more active than many austerities of virtue. The normal growth of the action of God in souls has been prevented, and the flow of their religious life has been dammed up.

The Theresian teaching, in showing us its truth based on the desires of God, in its influence on our journey free from our own desires, opens infinite horizons of Christian perfection and makes it a duty for us to think of them as attainable. No matter how weak we are, we can bend our steps in "the little way" without presumption. "It is enough to recognize one's nothingness and to give oneself wholly, like a child, into the arms of God."

Extraordinary Favors and Pleasant Experiences Are Not a Part of Mystical Life

Such is the third heartening truth which the Theresian teaching imparts. Let us state at once that like a child the spiritual person craves supernatural marvels, because they scatter the mysterious shadows in an instant and lift the veil from higher realities. Also for a long time the stories of the lives of the saints fed this taste by stressing the favors they received and by recalling with obvious delight edifying legends whose poetic charm are their only value.

The marvelous has its place, especially in spiritual ascents. The mansions of the Interior Castle of St. Theresa of Avila are marked out as the steps of her life by extraordinary graces which symbolize and convey the grace of this period. We find it often enough in the lives of the canonized saints to justify accepting it, but not to justify confusing mystical life with extraordinary favors, or at least

thinking they are inseparable. St. Theresa of the Infant Jesus says that the call to high sanctity which she had heard had the effect of carrying her at first toward extraordinary things: "When I began to learn the history of France, the story of Joan of Arc's exploits entranced me; I felt in my heart the desire and the courage to imitate her; it seemed to me that Our Lord meant me for great things too."

Her hopes did not deceive her, but a light which she considered as one of the greatest graces of her life came to uproot the attraction of Joan of Arc and to start her on her own way: "Jesus taught me that the only glory which matters is the glory which lasts forever, and that one does not have to perform shining deeds to win that, but hide one's acts of virtue from others and even from oneself so that 'the left hand does not know what the right is doing.'"

This light, like any deep supernatural light, will reveal its potentialities increasingly and will impose its needs to the point where it will become a dominant trait of Theresian spirituality. God Himself is going to bring this about.

Theresa received almost no extraordinary favors, and none of them could be noticed by those around her. The miraculous cure by the Blessed Virgin's smile became a cause of suffering because she had to tell about it when it became known. In her mystical experience, apart from some unifying encounters and the lights which she habitually found in the depths of her soul, there are aridities, darkness, powerlessness, or rather this half shadow, this flat calm, "This subterranean way, where it is neither hot nor cold, where the sun does not shine, and the rain and wind do not come." On the surface, hers is an ordinary life to which no important event brings notability.

Theresa lovingly accepts the way the Master selects for her, and the path He makes her follow. It is very dear to her. She pays so little attention to extraordinary graces that she speaks only once to Mother Agnes about the wound of love. It is only through a chance conversation that we learn that she had experienced what St. Theresa of Avila calls the soarings of the spirit.

Of all the lights on faith, she prefers those on her nothingness; she prefers the joys of hidden sacrifices to all the ecstasies; dark-

ness, to the light itself; the dull veil which covers her serious life, to every open manifestation. Even to enter into the vision, face to face, of the death of Jesus on the cross seems to her better than the effervescent brimming over of love.

As for her outward actions and the events of her life, even the most important ones, it is necessary to clothe them in such a way that any little soul can imitate them. She succeeds in this through her faithfulness to her grace. She was able to hide so well both the action of God and the heroism of her virtue under the veil of simplicity that her life appears to be quite ordinary. A witness found "nothing worth speaking about."

The life of Jesus and of Mary is the living illustration and affirmation that the highest mystical life is led without any appearance of mystical phenomena. In fact the essence of mystical life, which consists uniquely in being consciously loved and ruled by God, is independent of all outward phenomena. The light of Nazareth was needed by St. Theresa of the Infant Jesus to confirm her intuitions, and by us also in order to dare to believe it. But here is a text of St. John of the Cross which throws singular light upon this lack of mystical phenomena:

"We observe that a ray of sunlight which enters through the window is the less clearly visible according as it is the purer and freer from specks, and the more of such specks and motes there are in the air, the brighter is the light to the eye. The reason is that it is not the light itself that is seen; the light is but the means whereby the other things that it strikes are seen, and then it is also seen itself, through its having struck them; had it not struck them, neither it nor they would have been seen. Thus if the ray of sunlight entered through the window of one room and passed out through another on the other side, traversing the room, and if it met nothing on the way, or if there were no specks in the air for it to strike, the room would have no more light than before, neither would the ray of light be visible. In fact, if we consider it carefully, there is more darkness in the path of the ray of sunlight, because it overwhelms and darkens any other light, and yet it is itself invisible, because, as we have said, there are no visible objects which it can strike. Now this is precisely what this Divine ray of contemplation does in the soul."

From the mystical doctor's explanation let us draw two conclusions: first, the more elevated the divine light and its action, the less apparent they are, and the soul which receives very elevated ones is purer; second, this light or action of God produces, because it is very elevated, a certain impression of deprivation or of darkness because it reduces the natural powers to helplessness. In other words, a negative impression (obscurity or powerlessness) is the only one which accompanies interventions or encounters direct from God when they are very elevated, or when they operate in a very pure person.

From this teaching let us then conclude that the absence of outward phenomena (sensible shock or overwhelming delight) in a well-defined mystical life becomes an indication of the high quality of the divine communications. It is not then necessary to use a miracle to explain the ordinary and simple aspect of the life at Nazareth; the perfect envelopment of their whole existence in God, their purity and their great flexibility are enough.

Dare we compare the Theresian mystical experience with that of Jesus and Mary? Why not? It is not a question of putting them on the same plane, but of seeing them in the light of the same principles, more especially as the little saint herself made this comparison and also as her experience is known to us in a more definite way than that of the Blessed Virgin. Now in the case of St. Theresa of the Infant Jesus we find at the same time the absence of extraordinary graces and a habitual impression of powerlessness and obscurity. These are the two converging signs which, according to St. John of the Cross, indicate exalted divine communications and the purity of the soul of those who receive them; they are the two signs which reveal a very high mystical life.

We ourselves cannot explain everything we discover in this simplicity of the saint's mystical life. Let us, however, consider the exact idea which she gives us of the mystical life reduced to a seizure by God: the valued encouragement which she bestows upon souls in the dark night by showing them that the mystical experiences which are the most apparent to our senses are not the highest. Finally and above all, let us consider how she opens a field of exploration to spiritual theology and psychology, laggard until now in the study of mystical phenomena or of positive and

pleasant experiences of the gifts of the Holy Spirit. This field, immense and almost unknown, is that of experience based on renunciation or spiritual poverty. It is undoubtedly the most frequent and constant experience of God as well as the revealing sign of the greatest mystical heights. If it is properly understood, it seems to me that this simplicity should change many of the current ideas about the mystical life. At the same time it may stimulate studies of the masters in spirituality in a new direction. This would be very fortunate for the welfare of people in pursuit of a real spiritual life.

St. Theresa Universalizes High Sanctity

This follows from what has been said above, and we shall now conclude.

In showing us the living Furnace of Divine Mercy which seeks to dart forth Its flames, which finds Its joy in giving Itself and mourns only in not finding souls which consent to being consumed, St. Theresa of the Infant Jesus shows us the sanctifying will of God, its ardent reality and its usefulness. In assuring us that this Love, to satisfy Its desires of effusion and to consume us, only awaits on our part an attitude of confidence and of self-surrender, she presents the Divine union and the transformation of love into realities, not remote but accessible to all. Moreover, it is a response required by the love in which God envelops us, and it is a duty for every Christian who wishes to live in the fullness of Christian life to obey the essential precept of love.

In embodying the perfect accomplishment of this precept in the rounds of ordinary life, in fulfilling the mystical life and the transformation which it brings about, in all that identifies it outwardly, she shows that the highest spiritual life may be achieved in any surroundings, in every situation, under the veil which simplicity weaves for itself to hide its riches.

When on the other hand we see this hunger of God, this burning thirst of the Absolute, the deep need of full Christian life and these obscure desires of sanctity which the play of the destructive forces of our times awakens in souls, as well as the acclaim given to the Theresian message, the hopes which it enkindles, the deeds which it has already performed, the words of spiritual renewal and re-

birth spoken about it, it seems to us that it shows the merciful designs of God for our era.

To our effete and surfeited civilization which has lost the sense of the Infinite, God sent a child who, with the charms and luminous purity of her simplicity, stated anew the eternal message of His love; that is: He created us through Love; His Love remains alive; it is more ardent because of our indifference as It awaits our loving Him as children; we may let ourselves love Him as very small children.

At each turning point in history the Holy Spirit places a guide; to each civilization which arises, He gives a teacher charged with disseminating His light. The Church had St. Augustine, St. Benedict, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Dominic, St. Teresa of Avila, St. Ignatius, and others. At the threshold of this new world which is heralded, greater and more powerful than those that have gone before because it has conquered the universe, more tormented also and more divided, God has placed Theresa of the Infant Jesus to reveal and make Love loved, to organize a legion of little souls experiencing Love and able to plunge into violent conflicts.

It is always dangerous to prophesy. But is it prophesying to state our premonitions? Our conviction arises out of the work already achieved in the field where she works, which is none other than the entire universe, upon the purity of the light which shoots out and affirms what Theresa will be and already is: one of the great spiritual teachers of the Church, one of the most influential guides of Christians of all times.

“Won’t damnation be the tardy discovery, the discovery much too late, after death, of a soul absolutely unused, still carefully folded together, and spoiled, the way precious silks are spoiled when they are not used?”

— BERNANOS

LINES FOR BARABBAS

Barabbas,
we hear them weeping:
believers,
immaculate, reborn.

Do you too, dumb Barabbas,
clothed by shadows,
wish to believe
in the untempted One?
What do they see
with eyes closed?
A light sweeps
over their faces.
Is it truly a rich
discovery,
richer than all
the jewels of kings
that they possess?

Barabbas,
do you too
want to believe
in their God?
Can it be true:
there is only One?
They say He brings
heaven to earth —
these, the men in rags,
women without jewels,
lift their eyes
to One in glory;
even that child
who has heard the story!

In the high places
we have seen powers, Barabbas,
pay tribute — conquerors conquered
by the appetite
of tigers,
the lust of vitality sapped
as poisons were poured
into their glittering whores;
and we have seen mad dogs and men
with their spoils of wars.

We too, Barabbas,
stiffened by our pride,
play the role of king,
Who knows, in the dark,
if bed be straw or satin,
if woman be slave or princess,
harlot or bride?
Yet limping home, and blinded
by the early sun,
why do we lift our faces
as laborers lift their faces,
as they move their lips and know
they are heard?
Who says the word?
their King?

We hear none.
Christ! Christ!
Must it always be so?

JOSEPH JOEL KEITH

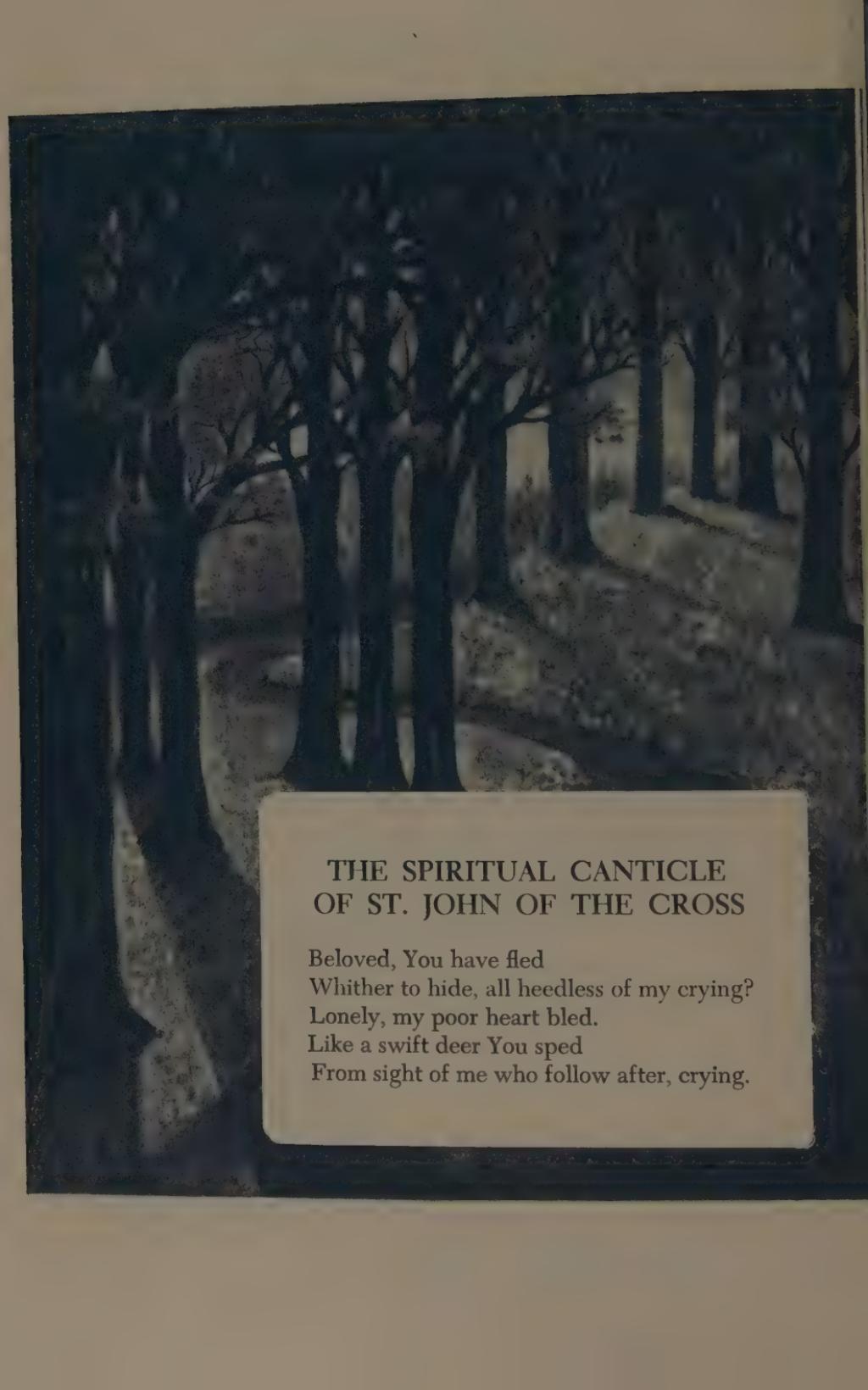
ELEGY FOR LITTLE JOANIE

Sing softly, saints, to Joanie,
whose days were all of clover,
and flowered trees, and winter's
flaky limbs like summer's
blossoming boughs. Sing, angels,
to Joanie whose one Lover
taught her: His still baton
raised her voice to heaven.

You, long awake this night,
stand by the bed of Joanie
asleep in her gown of white.
See, through drawn lace curtains,
the sunshine; and then, lighting
her face, God's promised dawn.

Go, "Little Dove." Your nickname
has higher meaning now,
you loved by all yet loving
only one Lover. How
can you know that men and women
who were old are older, these
who forgot life could be mean
on earth, and always green
while you sang here believing,
as you leafed the book of heaven,
that the whole world was thirteen?

JOSEPH JOEL KEITH



THE SPIRITUAL CANTICLE OF ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS

Beloved, You have fled
Whither to hide, all heedless of my crying?
Lonely, my poor heart bled.
Like a swift deer You sped
From sight of me who follow after, crying.

2. Shepherds who pass this way
From sheepfolds to the hillsides far away,
If you should come upon
My own Beloved One,
Tell Him I suffer, even to death's dismay.
3. Seeking my Love this hour,
I'll cross the mountains, and the distant strands.
I'll gather not a flower
Nor by the wild beasts cower,
I'll by-pass all the forts and settled lands.
4. Woodlands and thicket green,
Planted by my Beloved and for me!
O meadows of lush green!
Blooms of enamel sheen!
Was it through you He passed, and did you see?

THE REPLY OF CREATION

5. Scattering His grace like seed,
Through meadow and thicket passed He with great speed,
And merely by His glance
He left us in a trance;
He clothed us in His beauty, rich, indeed.
6. Whom shall I now implore
For cure, unless You come with Your devotion?
Oh, send not any more
Some poor ambassador
Who knows not and whose words wake no emotion.
7. Your servants testify
Unto Your grace and timeless loveliness.
They leave me here to die,
Wounding me, passing by,
With what they stammer but cannot express.
8. Life, how can you aspire
To persevering where no life can be?
Darts of desire beg death
To end my sighing breath.
My thoughts of the Beloved set them free.

9. Why, wounding my poor heart,
Could You not grant it a refreshing start?
Why, snared within Your net,
Must it be earth-bound yet?
Oh, take that theft Your thieving rent apart!
10. Hush, then, my troubled cry!
Only You have power my tears to dry.
Then gaze into my eyes,
O light that sanctifies!
The sight of You alone can gratify.
11. Reveal Your holiness
And grant me glimpses of divinity.
This sickness and distress
Cannot be cured unless
My Lover's presence is the remedy.
12. O fountain crystalline!
If on your silvered surfaces might shine
And form there suddenly
The eyes I long to see
Which long were outlined in this heart of mine,
13. Then turn them from my sight.
They make my soul take wing.

THE VOICE OF CHRIST

Come back, My dove,
See, now upon the height
A stag in wounded plight.
Your fanning wings his one refreshment prove.

THE BRIDE

14. My Love: the mountains be,
The lonely, wooded valleys down below,
Strange islands out to sea,
The brook's soft melody,
The whispering breeze that breathes love's overflow,

15. The night's calm quietude,
As dawn breaks, rising with a matchless hue,
Silent and soft prelude
Of sounding solitude,
The supper that makes love seem ever new.
16. Our bed of flowers shall be
Guarded as if lions' dens had formed a fort,
In purple mystery,
Enclosed most peacefully,
With crowns of golden shields our love's support.
17. Where prints of sandals shine
Enraptured maidens race on ways You trod.
At touch of sparks divine
And taste of spicéd wine
Flows forth the balsam of the love of God.
18. In cellars love designed
I drank of my Beloved. When I left,
I wandered, out of mind,
And peacefully divined
I of my flock was happily bereft.
19. There gently, like a lamb,
He taught me of a science sweet and tender.
I gave Him all I am
In truth and without sham
And promised Him my absolute surrender.
20. My soul now has no care
Save for His service and His dearest pleasure.
No burden do I bear
Of flock, no task I share.
Love is my only work and all my treasure.
21. If on this blessed day
I am not seen amid the haunts of men,
Say I was lost, and say
While wandering in Love's way
Though I was lost yet was I found again.

22. Emeralds and flowers combine
(Gathered were they when morning dew was shining)
For garlands we design,
Blooms of Your love and mine,
And in one single hair of mine entwining.
23. That single curling tress
Awoke within Your heart a tenderness.
You saw it on my neck,
A magnet in a speck,
And by that single glance knew love's distress.
24. Your gaze was like a dart.
Its graciousness, Beloved, pierced my heart.
For this You loved me so
And set my eyes a-glow.
How humbly I adored You from the start!
25. Despise me not but see
That if Your eyes had found my color lowly,
They need but gaze at me,
And after that I'll be
Clothed with grace and beauty and made holy.
26. Let's oust the vixen thief,
For now our vineyard sacredly is blooming.
Let us design a sheaf
Cut where the rose took leaf,
And on the hill let no dark threat be looming.
27. Cold north wind, stop your blare!
Come, south wind that awakens ardent needs!
Breathe through my garden fair,
Perfume the summer air
Among the flowers where my Beloved feeds.
28. Enters the bride at last
Into the pleasant garden of her quest.
Amid the myrrh and roses,
Contented, she reposes
Upon her Bridegroom's arms, in purest rest.

29. There where you came to stand
 Beneath the apple tree our vows were made.
 I gave you my right hand,
 Pledge of betrothal, and
 Redeemed you where your mother was betrayed.

30. Swift songsters flying o'er,
 Lions and deer and nimble does a-leaping,
 Hills, valleys, flowing shore,
 Wind rush and water pour,
 The terrors that keep watch while we are sleeping:

31. By the lyres' florid call
 And by the sirens' songs, I bid you cease
 All wrath! Stop, once for all,
 And do not touch the wall!
 Let my Beloved slumber all in peace.

32. Nymphs of Judean bloom,
 As long as in the garden 'mid the roses
 Amber emits perfume,
 Stay out! And don't presume
 To interrupt those whom the wall encloses!

33. Hide, my Beloved, do!
 And turn Your face; look to the mountains yonder.
 Speak to none passing through,
 But watch the retinue
 As past strange isles to foreign lands they wander.

THE VOICE OF CHRIST

34. The small dove, clothed in white,
 Comes with a branch of olive from her flight.
 The dove has now acquired
 The mate whom she desired.
 Upon a river bank they set their site.

35. In solitude, unknown,
 She built her solitary nest to brood.
 Lonely, her mate has flown
 To solace her alone;
 He, too, has known love's wound in solitude.

THE BRIDE-SOUL

36. My Love, rejoice and thrill
And in Your beauty see us both reflected!
On mountains or on hill
By the pure water's rill
We'll penetrate the forest undetected.
37. Then, hidden from all eyes,
Upward to caverns of the rock we'll climb.
We'll enter, in disguise,
And sip there, secret-wise,
The wine of pomegranates, draught sublime.
38. There will Your love make known
Wisdoms my soul had hoped to call its own.
My life You'll come to be,
Bestowing upon me
That which You one time showed to me alone:
39. Breath of infinity,
Song of the nightingale, love's sweet refrain,
The woodland mystery
In night's serenity,
The flame that burns without inflicting pain.
40. Far lies this holiness.
Earth sees not, and all evil watchings cease.
Ended are siege and stress
And riders' restlessness
By radiant waters, on the shores of peace.

Translated and adapted from the original Spanish to English by the Discalced Carmelites of the Province of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

In this article, subtitled "The Positive Function of Pleasure in the Spiritual Life," the eminent English Dominican makes clear the practical applications of the Christian humanistic principles he established in an earlier issue of SPIRITUAL LIFE.

The Game of Love

Father Gerald Vann, O.P.

ONE of the most interesting, and astonishing, incidents in the history of art (and therefore of humanity) is the sudden appearance in Renaissance Italy of the statues of David by Donatello and Michelangelo. During the Middle Ages, David had been portrayed again and again, but it was an aged king dressed in a long robe, a crown on his head, a harp in his hands; now, suddenly, he becomes a boy-god, and he holds in his hand not the musician's harp but the fighter's sling, the sling with which he went forth to do battle against the giant.

Whatever the historical explanation of this phenomenon, its symbolical significance is clear. This is first of all a reaffirmation of the Christian ideal of holiness as implying wholeness: loving, serving, worshiping, praising God with the whole personality; developing, training, using all one's God-given gifts of nature and of grace, all one's potentialities, unified and made harmonious under the rule of mind, of spirit, and under the all-embracing motivation of the love of God and His will. In sharp, irreconcilable contrast to the life-refusing, life-denying doctrines of Manicheism and its derivates, which seek to save the soul by denying or ignoring or destroying all the natural and especially the material elements in the life of man — joy in the earth and its fullness; joy in the vitality and beauty of the body; joy in the life of the senses and in the beauties of color, of line, of form, of sound, of texture, which delight and fulfill them; joy in all the human values of love, good fellowship, gaiety, all that still remains to us, through God's mercy, of the delights of the paradise garden — in contrast to all this the

David statue (like the real-life David who, we are told, danced naked before the ark of the Lord) expresses the joyous freedom, vitality, integrity of the sons of God: not the timorousness, the incessant playing for safety, which for safety's sake will bury its talent in a napkin, but the youthful zest and vigor and courage, and the humble trust in God "the giver of youth and of joy," which enable a man to face life undismayed as David faced the giant undismayed.

Man or Mouse

Manicheism is with us still; and, especially when reinforced by a false, sentimentalized portrayal of sanctity in words or paint or plaster, can give rise to grave perplexities and perhaps deep discouragement in good people. Often enough we use the phrase "a plaster saint" in a derogatory sense, as meaning something "too good to be true," an external blamelessness masking an inner emptiness; but do we perhaps at some other level of thought or feeling assume that this is in fact the ideal set before us by Christianity, and are we therefore torn by this acceptance in theory of an ideal which we cannot but repudiate in practice?

The Old Testament account of David emphasizes his human qualities, his natural advantages. He was "red-cheeked and beautiful to behold, and of a comely face"; he soothed and delighted the king alike by his music and by his presence; there is no doubt at all about his outstanding charm, his power to evoke love: Saul "loved him exceedingly"; Michol, the king's daughter, "loved him too"; Jonathan "loved him as his own soul"; finally "all Israel and Judah loved David"; nor is there any doubt of the depth and strength of his own feeling, as revealed for instance in his famous lament for Jonathan, "so beautiful, so well beloved." Beauty, nakedness, dancing, music, love: can these be among the materials out of which holiness is made? The puritan may be quick to reply, with glum satisfaction, that on the contrary they led David into sin and crime, into the lusting after Bathsheba and the murder of her husband Uriah; but we need not allow — the Bible does not allow — the puritan to have the last word: even if he could establish this causal connection (which he cannot, while we can and do repudiate it) still it remains true that the sin was far from being final: David acknowledged his sin and sorrowed for it.

he continued to love God and be beloved of God; he continued to sing to God — and without his sin and his sorrow we should be immeasurably the poorer, we should lack the songs he sang out of the depths of his sorrow, the songs (of sorrow but also of hope) which we so often need ourselves — and we are not surprised to find the song revealing a new depth: a love which is deeper because it has known sadness, a wisdom which is deeper because born out of humility. At the end David is a wiser man and his love of God is greater, not less; but also, the story makes clear, he is more human, not less; there is that vivid touch of humanity in the account of how, having fasted and prayed and wept while the life of Bathsheba's baby was in danger, afterward, when the child was dead, to the astonishment of his servants, he arose and washed and anointed himself and called for bread and ate, and then went in to comfort his wife, and slept with her. Sanctity may be superhuman; it is never inhuman: there is never any hint of inhumanity, of "angelism," in the psalter; never for a moment does the singer forget that we are made of the dust of the earth and that all our love and praise of God has to be sung — in moments alive with ecstatic joy and with abject misery — out of the depths of the dust, the essential stuff of our psychophysical nature.

Love or Hate

The fact remains that there are the hard sayings, the "hate-sayings," of many a mystic, above all of our Lord Himself, to be considered and accepted. Christ tells us that to be His disciples we must hate father, mother, brother, sister; that to be blessed means to be poor and meek, to mourn and suffer persecution; the liturgy bids us *terrena despicere*, to hold earthly things as of no account; it speaks of the "night of this world," the world which the *Salve Regina* describes as a valley of tears; the Old Testament speaks of God as a "jealous" God, and the mystics tell us that if we would love God we must hate creatures, must have no concern with anything other than God.

But is there, apart from sin, anything "other than God," if the phrase implies an opposition? *Domini est terra*: the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof, the psalmist tells us; God made it all, and saw that it was good: are we for our part to scorn and

misprize it? In the imagery of *Genesis*, God fashioned man's body, carefully, lovingly, out of earth's clay, and when the Divine Word was made flesh He raised what had been humanly lovely to a divine loveliness; at Cana He sanctioned and hallowed both the loveliness of human love and the gaiety of wine and good fellowship; if we try (as we must) to imitate His ways, how can we fail to share His love not only of the little children or the great and precious souls but of the outcasts too, the harlots and sinners, and His delight in the birds of the air, the lilies of the field? The same saints who tell us to despise creatures reveal in their writings their own ecstatic delight in nature; and we know how many of them loved and lived familiarly with animals. Christ spoke of hating parents; but He did not hate His own; and He came not to abolish but to fulfill the Fourth Commandment along with the others; if the liturgy seems in one breath to speak slightly of the earth and its fullness; in the next it is calling us to share in the song of creation, to join with all God's other creatures in their song of praise; and the "jealous" God is the same God who tells us that the second great commandment is like unto the first, the command to love our neighbor — in the spirit of the Good Samaritan story, to love all who need love, all humanity — as ourselves.

Clearly we are here faced with paradox. The language of Christ's teaching, of the Bible in general, of the mystics, is the language of paradox because it is the language of poetry, of symbol, not of discursive reason. The point of the old saying about the devil quoting Scripture is that it is easy to isolate one side of a paradox, to make use of one text while ignoring another which apparently contradicts it, so as to build on it an edifice of falsehood. What we have to seek is the key to the paradox. We are to love and yet to hate; the earth is dark and despicable yet it is God's earth, God's gift to us, and ceaselessly it gives Him glory; we are to be mortified and treat earthly things as of no account yet we are to love the lilies of the field, to reverence the hallowed mystery of human love, to delight in the wine that "rejoiceth the heart of man"; what is the clue?

The Riddle Solved

With the simplicity of great wisdom St. Thomas gives us the answer when, quoting our Lord's "Unless a man hate . . . , he

explains this as meaning that we are to turn away from parents, kinsfolk (and by implication from all other things, even the most precious) "in so far as they lead us from God." It is in that sense too that God is a jealous God; not that His demands on our love are exclusive but that, on the contrary, they are inclusive; He will not allow any rivalry, will not allow us to love anything more than Him or apart from Him or in defiance of His will; He demands that all our loves be part of our love of Him. The "hating" is not a question of having hatred in our hearts; God Who is Love will hardly tell us to live in hate, since to live in Him is to live in Love. There is a question not of the heart but of practical conduct; "all things are ours to enjoy" insofar as we can love all things *in* God; we are not to enjoy them, we are to turn away from them, insofar as they lead us away from the perfect following of God's will. But how can they do this? Human beings can indeed lead us into sin, whether they do so deliberately and maliciously or unwittingly, not wanting to do us harm but in fact doing it. (To pray for those we have consciously led into evil is an obvious duty; it is a good thing to remember also those whom we have harmed by our influence or example without knowing it.) But what of animals and inanimate creatures, of the beauties of nature? If these lead us astray it can be through no fault of theirs: the word "leading" can be used only metaphorically. (And the same is true of human beings who through no fault of theirs whatever become for us an "occasion" of sin.) Where then is the source of the evil? Quite simply, and obviously, in ourselves: in our egoism, our pride and greed, our possessiveness. When things thus go wrong it is not because we love creatures, it is because we fail to love them; we love only ourselves, and in our self-love we make use of creatures, make them minister to us as means to our pleasure or profit or power: it is a relationship not of love but of power, of exploitation. There are indeed plenty of examples of a love truly sincere and deep which yet leads away from God: as two people deeply in love with each other may be led into illicit expressions of their love, as a man deeply in love with music or painting may be led to neglect his wife and family and to ignore their claims upon him; in such cases it may not be the love-in-itself which is greedy and egoistic (the lovers' sin, for instance, may be caused

by a compulsive desire to give rather than to take): it may be simply the desire for some forbidden form or degree of expression or enjoyment of it (and again in the case of the lovers it may be a shared desire, a common greed—and a greed despite all the generosity in it because this giving to each other involves at least temporarily the destruction for each other of something greater, their being in the love of God, their closeness to God). The neglectful musician or artist shows his greed for the pleasure his art can bring him by this repudiation of the basic claims upon him; the wayward lovers reveal their shared greed for the pleasure and joy and sense of communion their love can bring them by their inability to respond together to the overriding claims of God. But if the musician rigidly restricted the time he devoted to music; if the lovers rigidly restricted the modes in which they expressed their love, it would not be the love-in-itself which would suffer, would be impoverished or diminished: when Abraham accepted the inexplicable divine command to sacrifice his son Isaac, his "Laughter," he did not, as he went on his heart-breaking journey to the place of sacrifice, love his son less, he loved him immeasurably more.

Need for Pleasure

But now we have mentioned pleasure: and though we may have resolved the love-hate paradox, this is a different question: can it ever be permissible to make pleasure our aim? It is curious in fact how the phrase "pleasure-seeking" has come to mean simply a sinful self-indulgence, synonymous with hedonism. (This is doubtless part of that puritan legacy which has also, starting from the adage about the devil finding work for idle hands, disseminated the idea that idleness is always sinful, that it is wicked and shameful to "waste time.")

The human organism is incapable of indefinitely sustained effort. When the body is tired out, we need rest and sleep; when the brain is fatigued, the nervous system taut and strained, we need pleasant relaxation; when we find ourselves for one reason or another in low spirits, we need to adopt such natural, reasonable means as are available to us to alleviate the gloom and re-create the spirits. Just as mortification is not virtuous but sinful if it

wrecks or seriously endangers the health, so these therapeutic measures are not a sinful indulgence but a duty insofar as they are therapeutic. "We shall have to give an account of every idle moment"; true enough, but it may be quite a good account. (It would be far from good if we had to confess that through never allowing ourselves a moment's idleness we had wrecked our lives, turned ourselves into permanent invalids or neurotics, and become useless and burdensome to the people who had to live with us and look after us.)

It is the same with pleasure. Too often it is assumed that where there is a choice between several possible occupations or activities the most perfect, the most virtuous and meritorious, will always be the most painful; on the contrary, far from being the best it may not even be right. It is more painful to sleep on a bed of nails than on a foam-rubber mattress; but it certainly will not be more virtuous if (as seems probable enough) it incapacitates you for the work that has to be done on the morrow. The criterion is a functional one: pleasure-seeking is not only permissible but a duty if the pleasure is a necessary therapeutic measure, though we do well to remember St. Augustine's warning that we are often inclined to "think those things to be good for us which give us pleasure, whereas in reality they are not so."

The Pleasure of Virtue

But pleasure does not have to be medicinal in order to be compatible with virtue; in the nature of things it is the concomitant of all congenial activity, and if the activity is good, the pleasure will be good also. This indeed applies to virtue itself; for when a virtue is fully and perfectly possessed, the practice of it becomes congenial and therefore pleasurable; so that the righteous souls who seek to eschew pleasure find themselves logically in the bizarre position of having to eschew the perfect possession of virtue. The grim, tight-lipped rectitude of "duty for duty's sake, and the more it hurts the better," is not the Christian ideal; it is far from the joyous "freedom of the sons of God," from St. Paul's "I would have you love all that is good" — that is, be in love with the beauty of all forms of goodness; far from the description of that wisdom which was with God in the forming of all things and "was de-

lighted every day, playing before Him at all times, playing in the world"; far, too, from the picture of Sion painted for us by the prophet Zachariah when he tells us, "the city shall be full of boys and girls, playing in the streets thereof."

St. Thomas can write of *ludus*, play, games, without any feeling that there is something about the whole idea which is repugnant to perfect moral rectitude; he can use the word *delectatio* without any of the sinister overtones which for so many modern Christians are inseparable from the word "pleasure." The use, in *Proverbs*, of the idea of "play" to describe God's creative activity is paralleled by the use in mystical writings of the idea of the *ludus amoris*, the game of love, to describe God's most profound and intimate relationship with loving souls; for again only a puritan or postpuritan age would confuse joy and gaiety with a shallow frivolity, just as, in the context of human love, only a Catholic whose mind was colored by puritanism could feel that the physical union of husband and wife was "permissible" (a term he would doubtless prefer to the more accurate "hallowed and holy") only provided it were performed in a grave and solemn manner, eschewing all play and cutting out the fun from the functional.

Truth is revealed to us in paradox because for us reality is paradoxical: we live in a *chiaroscuro*, a mingling of light and darkness. The world is indeed a valley of tears, as we know to our cost; but it is also God's playground and the playground of God's children. There are times when physical pain or mental anguish make joy seem very remote from us; but always the earth and its fullness are there for us to rejoice in them when we can, and when for one reason or another we cannot rejoice in them, still we can, we must, continue to love them. But, once again, to *love* them, in God and for themselves. "I have loved, Lord, the beauty of thy house"; this is to be contemplative, to rejoice in the beauty, not to want to seize upon it, despoil it, ravage and ravish it; we shall possess the kingdom, our Lord tells us; all things are ours to enjoy, only if we are poor in spirit, only if we can love and rejoice in the beauty He has made as perhaps we can rejoice in a great painting or symphony — or even perhaps, sometimes, a human being: humbly, with gaiety and reverence, without the brutality of greed or the violence of possessiveness.

To Care or Not to Care

The idiom of spiritual writers in more modern times tends to favor the word "detachment" rather than "poverty of spirit." It seems a pity, for "detachment" is a negative term whereas, unless we are enthralled by materialism, we can see poverty — not want or penury, but freedom from the gnawing demon of acquisitiveness — as positive. "Possess poverty," St. Dominic told his followers on his deathbed: acquisitive, you can think of nothing except how to seize upon the object of your greed; unacquisitive, you have freedom and leisure to rejoice in what you see, in the banquet God sets before you. But to be carefree is one thing, to be uncaring, quite another; and detachment is a misleading term for that reason also, that it suggests a complete lack of interest. Father Vincent McNabb, the great English Dominican, used to say, "If you don't love the world, don't preach to the world: preach to yourself."

We are back again in paradox: "Teach us to care and not to care": if we are to follow in Christ's footsteps, we have to learn to care deeply and passionately for the lilies of the field, the birds of the air, for all God's creatures, and above all for His human children; on the other hand, if we are to be poor in spirit, we have to learn how to liberate ourselves from the anxieties, the "solicitudes," of greed, acquisitiveness, possessiveness, to be selfless and when necessary self-sacrificial in our love, to love all things in God, not apart from Him; and therefore to be able to go on loving even when love's fulfillment in delight and enjoyment is denied us.

The Gift of Friendship

Now there are doubtless many who could say truthfully that they had learned the clue to the love-hate paradox so far as the earth and its fullness were concerned; they had learned to love and cherish the world of nature — and for that matter of art — in poverty of spirit; but who felt a special difficulty, and therefore perhaps a need of emotional retrenchment — a need, in other words, precisely for "detachment" — where human beings are concerned. When Adam awoke from his deep sleep, and saw before him the woman God had made, he cried, "This is bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh": the Hebrew idiom conveys not only his recognition of

the fact that this new creature, unlike all those he had known until then, was of the selfsame nature as himself, but also, quite simply, that he fell in love; the passionate love of another human being is for most people a far more compelling, perhaps obsessive, thing than any other love, and therefore it is far more likely to become a distraction from, or even lead to a defiance of, the claims, the "jealousy" of God. They may become so engrossed in each other that they neglect their duties to God Himself, their prayer and worship, or the duties and responsibilities in this world which God's will imposes on them. This difficulty, though not always easy to overcome in practice, is at any rate clear enough to see in theory; but there are other difficulties of the sort which are not so clear cut, where often it is desperately hard even to see with certainty what ought to be done. Such difficulties arise alike in the world and in the cloister; and perhaps it is easiest to approach the whole problem by beginning with the latter.

False Concept and Exaggerated Fear

Many good religious find themselves perplexed and worried, afraid of offending God and being disloyal to their vocation, because of what, in the idiom of latter-day spirituality, have come to be known as "particular friendships." This is undeniably an odd expression, because of its obvious redundancy: friendship (as opposed to friendliness) is essentially, of its nature, "particular"; so that novices who are incessantly warned against the evils of particular friendships may come to the conclusion that they are being taught simply to regard *friendships* as (at least for them) evil. Yet they may have read the remark of St. Aelred of Rievaulx: "Wonderful must he be who can do without friends: more wonderful than God Himself"; they know that the phrase "the disciple whom Jesus loved" applies to one particular Apostle as against all the others; probably they have found that in point of fact they are more fond of this or that member of their community than of the others, they find it easier to talk to them than to the others about their ideals, their troubles, their problems, they can turn to them, as they could not to others, when in need of courage, comfort, support, and if they have not already learned it for themselves they may have been told — and heard without surprise

— that humanly speaking the one thing that may save them from catastrophe of one sort or another is to have, in time of crisis, a friend to whom they can turn for help and advice, to whom they can unburden themselves completely, and who, because of their friendship, has a far deeper understanding of them and therefore a far greater power to help them than others. What are they to do?

The phrase “particular friendships” is so curious that one suspects it may be an illiterate borrowing from French spirituality, a mis-translation of *amitiés particulières*, which phrase does make sense because the adjective can imply a privacy which is antisocial, a withdrawal from the common life which in turn implies a withdrawal in interest from the common good.¹ Here we are on solid ground: the religious whose special love for X or Y leads him to lose interest in the rest of the community or in other ways to neglect his duties, is obviously required not indeed to kill his love but to control it. And if he is wise he will remember that living a (physically) “enclosed” life may well involve living to some extent a psychologically enclosed life, and that this in turn may have effects, in the present context, which will demand careful and prudent handling.

Criteria

There is first the tendency to magnify the importance of trivial matters, especially where the emotions are engaged. A tiny, perhaps even an imaginary slight becomes a vast, insupportable insult; a small irritation which in other circumstances would be brushed aside and forgotten becomes an obsession destructive of all equanimity and all sense of proportion; similarly, an affection which, in the world, while deeply enriching one’s life might fit easily and calmly into its general pattern, can become in the cloister a tempestuous, demanding, obsessive thing, and for that reason lead all too readily to preoccupation, an absorption, which is antisocial in terms either of outward behaviors or at least of mental and emotional attitudes.

Second, in a religious family the affection of one of its members for another may have in it an element of physical attraction which

¹ Whether the French expression is always in fact used in that sense is, of course, another question.

can be the effect either of a basic psychosexual orientation or simply of circumstances, of an environment which involves segregation. In either case new problems may arise. On the one hand it is useless and misguided to attempt the impossible task of killing or eliminating what is as much an inescapable fact as the color of one's eyes; and it is wrong, and productive of a false conscience and all the misery attaching thereto, to suppose that in the mere fact, the mere existence, of this element of physical attraction in itself there is anything sinful; if there is real danger of its leading to what is clearly and overtly sinful,² good people will, as soon as they sense the danger, be on their guard against it, though it must be added that we cannot rely on normal goodness being always proof against rising tides of feeling, and that we tend — and especially the young and inexperienced may tend — to assume too easily that because an emotional situation is manageable here and now it will always, in all moods and circumstances, remain so. On the other hand, there are more subtle dangers or problems, not always considered. First, a physical gesture or action may be simply an expression of affection, or a means to sensual or sexual gratification, or both: self-deception is easy here, and the difficulty of making a true analysis of complex motivations is notorious: it is important to be morally certain that one is not allowing oneself to ascribe to the first category actions which belong at least predominantly to the second, or which at least involve in the circumstances a danger of leading to sin, in thought or will if not in fact. Second, these are essentially individual questions: what is sinful or dangerous for one can be harmless and good for another; but where two people are concerned each has to think for both: not only "Is this right, and without danger, for me?" but "Is it equally so for the other person?" Third (and this applies especially to circumstances involving that magnification of emotional states we were considering just now): prudence demands a consideration not only of the danger of sin but also of the danger of producing an anxiety state about whether or not sin has been committed, since this too can become obsessive and destroy the equanimity necessary to a healthy religious life.

Similar problems confront married people in the world. Few

² Whether in external action shared or solitary, or in an internal acquiescence in the will to sin or in deliberately sensual reveries.

couples, if any, are totally self-sufficient; it is unlikely that all their interests will be common interests; their own common life can be greatly enriched by what other friendships can bring to each of them, just as it ought to be enriched by what they can give to others. But they too may have to beware of an interest, a love, which can become too demanding or engrossing, can lead to a withdrawal from their own shared life, a weakening of their mutual love and loyalty.

In all such cases there is somewhere (and again it will differ from individual to individual) a point where prudence is poised between a rash and perhaps frivolous, perhaps greedy, ignoring of dangers on the one hand, and a timorous rejection of what is valuable, a burying of talents in napkins, on the other. And it has to be remembered in the latter case that a rejection may not merely impoverish one's own life: it may also mean a refusal of life, of help — and therefore in the last resort of *caritas* — to someone who stands in sore need. Religious sometimes say: "I know how and in what sense human affections can be good, but is the acceptance of them a duty? Is it wrong to turn aside from them?" Here the answer would seem to lie in the particular vocation of the individual concerned; it is in no sense a duty for the hermit to seek human friendships; it could be a duty for the apostle, for anyone who is called to work — as teacher, preacher, counselor, helper with and for other human beings, at least not to reject them. Emotions are dangerous things because we can so easily be ruled by them; but they are invaluable things inasmuch as without them we can in truth be "detached" — unable to "talk the same language" as the people we are called on to help, having no personal experience of, or interest in, the realities of life which to them are so important, or the problems to which these so often give rise.

"I would have you love all that is good": if we are to accept the idea that holiness involves wholeness we must not think of that love as beneficence, but as a total, personal response. We learn best when the will to learn is supported by an emotional keenness; we help best when in some sense and in some degree we can say of those we try to help, "This is bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh."

Father Madden's Life of Christ and his Men in Sandals are extremely popular books of the author.

Community of Love

Companionship Like This

Father Richard, O.C.D.

THIS is what it's like. This is the way it goes when you enter a monastery for the first time, with little more to offer than your good will. They go to work on you. They take your suit (if it's not a black one). They take the money you brought for your return fare (you are so sure of yourself!). In a flash, they confiscate your cigarettes; and as you see your friend, Tobacco, disappear into the voluminous folds of the Novice Master's habit, you wonder, what with all the scientific and psychological buncombe on how to break the smoking habit, whether entering a monastery is probably the most effective way. For sure, it works. But further, they blunt your freedom of action, shrink your personal little world, and give you some good advice about keeping your personal opinions to yourself.

All in all, they take away a lot of things when you join. They deprive you; they negate you. But suddenly, you sense something very startling about this new life. True, your superiors take away, but only those things which might make you less a man and less a monk. And, in return, they give you the mysterious elixir of monastic life. They rediscover for you the illusive wealth of Christian charity. In short, they take your freedom, but they give you love.

Of course, it is a rugged type of love, a hard kind of peace. Torn away from the weak mooring of emotion, it is bigger than the human frailty that could easily shatter it. It is not a receiving charity, but a giving and a sharing charity. You find men who have lost interest in themselves because they have emptied themselves of vain ambitions. They have conquered avarice in themselves

because they have nothing about which to get avaricious. Conceit has no place there; a monk's face would never be his fortune. And because they are not bound by the loves of the world, neither are they bound by the lonelinesses of the world. They have found in life a distinctly new flavor. They have discarded the core and the trappings of evil, and in that accomplishment they have found that real love is more natural and far more fulfilling.

Even so, it is still a strange love. Always unspoken, with no need or reason for telling anybody about it. Never the stupidity of asking, "Are you my friend?" Never the absurdity of saying, "I like you." It just isn't that kind. It's not a soft, tenuous, vacillating thing; but a tough, rough-hewn affection that sometimes even forgets to be polite. It is so taken for granted that it permits one man to possess another instantly within the deep caverns of the human heart. Unspoken, unmanifested; but hard as steel, and far more enduring.

With this, they support one another. And if at times a monk's charity falters, there is always the man in the next cell to bolster it. If at times a monk sits disconsolate upon his bed, wondering why God had inflicted such an "ogre of a superior" upon him, chances are that someone might possibly slip a little card under his door upon which would be written:

There is a destiny that makes us brothers
We cannot live our lives alone.
For whatever we put into the lives of others
Always comes right back into our own.

to which might be scribbled by way of postscript, "Isn't this genuine?" And it is.

But the very practical application of the law of charity finds fulfillment at recreation time when all the monks assemble for an hour, forgetting such things as worries and obligations in general. Life is good there. Across the table sits white-haired, patriarchal Brother Joseph, his spirits forever high, his pink face shining through the pall of his cigar smoke. And, indeed, what a cigar! It does either of two things. It burns down on only one side. Or, if it burns down evenly, at the halfway mark, it becomes splayed like a full-blossomed tulip, as if he had just walked into a door with the thing in his mouth. He plays his cards in slow, gelid

movements, or sweeping, violent gyrations, all, of course, depending upon the strength or weakness of his hand. And in the midst of it all, we are pressed to acknowledge that companionship like this is all a man really needs.

And since we live best, not when we breathe, but when we love, then we live best in our monastery. Does this mean that monastic life is the answer to world-wide hatred? Hardly. In fact, not at all. Rather, it is living in the presence of God, Who sustains not only monks, but all men. It is His abiding presence, His spirit hovering above the heads of all mankind which, if accepted and used, can make love possible. And can make all things possible. No, it is not monasticism that alone can give an honest love; for then too many people would be excluded from it. It is only God Who can give an eternal love. And it is too bad that the world is so unaware of this.

Why all the loneliness? Why all the weakness and the pain of isolation? And there are such things. Men are rarely what they seem. Theirs is mostly surface sheen. They appear lighthearted, noisy, independent. They shout, laugh, and slap backs. They are actors. But often, within the deep recesses of their souls, where they hate so much to wander, there are harbored there tiny bubbles of emptiness, a vacuum that cries to be filled.

It is difficult to diagnose the complicated trauma of modern man, but we cannot be far wrong in attributing to his loneliness the fact that he has loved himself too much. And this kind is a lonely, bitter, acrid love that easily turns against itself. Only Christlike love, directed outward, away from self, can fulfill itself. When Christ said, "Love your neighbor," He was not inflicting a punishment upon us; He was only giving us the recipe for greater happiness. He was laying out the way to a fuller life. So, if men have chosen to hate others, then they have, in fact, hated themselves. Because they have punished themselves.

We talk about perfection, but there is no perfection without charity. We speak of holiness, but there is no holiness without love of neighbor. Loving God is the noblest aspiration of man, but we must never forget that we will only love God in proportion to the love that we bear our fellow men.

So how do we change? How do we get out of the rut? Logically,

the first place to look for an opportunity to tear the hatred and resentment out of our hearts is within the bosom of the parish. In a crowded parish church of a Sunday, all men kneel in one great body, together, shoulder to shoulder, before the eyes of God. They participate and share in the same sacrifices. There can be no discrimination. When an usher shoehorns a latecomer into an already crowded pew, he does not ask, "Do you get along with the people in this pew? Are you on good terms with them? Do you love them?" No, we are all the children of God gathered around the common table. In church we do not pick our pew mates. We just squeeze in and kneel down among friends and enemies alike. And looking upon the upraised Host, it is hard for us to say, "I hate the people You love; I despise the people for whom You died."

Then in the family, charity alone will enable its members to silently and lovingly cope with the weaknesses and the oddities of one another. For, what is required in monastic life is also required in family life. From our earliest days in religion, we have been trained to accept two-headed people with resignation, to give way to the desires and wishes of another. In our choir, there are ten windows and thirty monks. What can you do with ten windows that would please everybody? Chances are if each man were free to open or close his favorite windows, there would be thirty different combinations of draft. If each one of us tried to enforce his individual likes, there would be an incessant raising and lowering of windows, a ceaseless slamming that could only be hard on the sash cord, as well as the community. How would we ever get the Office chanted? Obviously, only one can determine the most suitable temperature of the room. The rest of us must accept it, like it or not. An essential form of charity is tolerance. Tolerance is necessary.

Tolerance, for instance, is the only answer to the Brother Roger problem. And Brother Roger is a problem. He was always a silent member of the community until his teeth went bad, and he had them all removed. This changed his life. It changed ours. For a time he quietly gummed his way through vocal prayer, but nobody noticed it. Then he got his new teeth. Hardly perceptible at first, but gathering ominous strength with each passing day, a

new sound was born in our midst, an unmistakable clicking. But when Roger finally got his new choppers into high gear, then we all knew that something unique had transpired. Brother Roger became the first monk in the world to syncopate vocal prayer. Evidently, he was slow getting started, due, no doubt, to the need for synchronizing teeth and gums. The trouble was he never caught up. He stayed one syllable behind everybody else. Always, when we were punctuating, he was reciting. When we hit a period, he still had one syllable to go. And go, he did. That was his solo, his moment of glory. How long this will go on, no one really knows. But this is what I mean by tolerance: lovingly overlooking the vocal limpings of Roger. It works in religious life; it should work in any family. It should work in the whole world. Whether it will or not depends upon how quickly we tear down the cyclone fences with the "No Trespassing" signs that we have built around our hearts. And when we let the world in, and only then, will we be freed from our own prison of self-love.

It is the duty and privilege of every Christian — and especially of every Religious — to battle boldly for the right, and to bear wrong patiently.

— FR. WILLIAM, O.C.D.

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The Grounding of the Winged Virtue

William A. McNamara

WHEN I was on that precipitate verge of setting down these — perhaps not quite these — thoughts a while ago, a new book, consigned to my wife's corner of the den, made its appearance and gave me pause.

The slender volume is by Jessamyn West and its compressed contents, appropriately enough, are deftly hinted at in the title, *Love Is Not What You Think*.

If love is not what I think, then why go on? I was about to tell you just that — something about what I think on the eternal subject of love. I had looked to my credentials and found they were as good as the next fellow's. Then in came Jessamyn West.

I heard her out, and found her well worth listening to, undoubtedly right in her main thesis, though wrong in her assumption about what I think of love.

I was hesitant about proceeding, however, when I read Miss West's authoritative "Love, defined by words (it is best defined by acts), has naturally enough often been most eloquently spoken of by those with either no reputation or no experience as lovers — or by those with neither."

She wisely grants that this inexperience does not necessarily invalidate what they have to say on the subject. I think, though, that the validity of Miss West's position here can be questioned at least. She must have thought so too, and so the hedging with qualifying words.

Who has been more eloquent on the subject than St. Paul, than Jesus Himself — and who more loving?

Here, again, Miss West concedes a point — that any woman who has experienced real love has known fear cast out; companioned, but unloving, has heard the sounding brass. St. Paul knew what he was talking about.

Thus encouraged, perhaps presumptuously, we move on.

Love, whether it is what you think or not, is not what it used to be. Not what it should be.

Love, for most of us, is something sought after. We want to be loved by all. We read books and seek advice and indulge in vain little meditations on how to be lovable.

Armed with these misdirections, we await the opportunity to "fall in love," or, preferably, to be "fallen in love with."

This is a far cry from the love that matters. "Falling in love," courted as an end, is indeed falling for make-believe. It would make of one, as Jessamyn West suggests, a drug addict. Unless it is used appropriately as a focusing or a revelation, Miss West warns us, "falling in love has about the same relation to love as the idea for a story has to the ordeal of its writing."

And nothing can save the faller "except the determination to live his life instead of dream it." After all, one can only dream a dream; a life must be lived. "A dream of love remains a dream. A life of love is a life. Love is a lived dream. And such a living, by the testimony of all those who have failed in it and those who have succeeded, constitutes the only completely satisfying existence in this world."

But is this the love we know — the romantic notion that is trumpeted by advertisers and entertainers, or the selfish notion that would have us practice it in a tight little circle, confine it to the family perhaps and let the rest of the world go hang? Love cannot be confined; it demands release; it is a winged virtue and lifts us with it where it freely goes.

Neither can love carry stipulations, demands for reciprocal good will or deeds (though they will follow). Love, if it is restricted, if it carries demands of any kind, is self-defeating. It shrivels and dies.

Love is the free and active willing of good for another, and the working — with providence, with faith, hope, and justice — for its fulfillment. And true love is characterized by a lack of exclusiveness. Whatever limits time and space and human nature impose on it, we can establish no limits ourselves. Its purview includes all human beings.

Indeed, as Erich Fromm has observed, "Love is not primarily a relationship to a specific person; it is an attitude, an orientation of

character which determines the relatedness of a person to the world as a whole, not toward one 'object' of love. If a person loves only one other person and is indifferent to the rest of his fellow men, his love is not love but a symbiotic attachment, or an enlarged egotism."

That's the difference between the love practiced by the saints and the "love" doled out by most of us in these near-bankrupt days.

After all, it's really painless and also quite fruitless to entertain as object of our "love" such delightfully attractive persons as, say Leonard Bernstein, Senator Kennedy, Shirley MacLaine, or Princess Grace. It's another thing to expose our very hearts to the demanding alcoholic, the jeering Teddy Boy, the snarling psychopath, the sick and ugly old man. Yet, these too are God's children, not to be excluded from the new commandment: "that you should love one another as I have loved you."

So love is not always so pleasant as it sounds, as we would like it to be. It is God's greatest gift and it comes only through His graces.

I recall how taken I was for a time with the "love" that linked Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds. Not that I am usually "taken" by such Hollywood affairs. I was prepared to believe in this match because I was caught in its glow one day in Providence where Eddie was doing a concert for our orphans, and Debbie was a wide-eyed spectator, having flown from Hollywood just to spend the day with her man.

It was a match that caught the fancy of the public and I thought that afternoon, as I followed them about in my duties as a reporter, that I understood why. They looked so attractive, so sincere. They sparkled in each other's presence. I remember, though, how exasperated I was with the young singer when he was performing that night. I stood beside Debbie at an exit near the stage, sharing the proud joy that was obviously hers, and waiting for a glance, a wink, a smile of recognition if not outright adoration, from the man on stage; but it never came. I was disappointed for her; maybe she understood better than I. Maybe it was good showmanship that prescribed the slight. Whatever it was, I began to suspect at that moment that the decibel count of the Fisher to Reynolds love song was somewhat lower than it was thought to be. In charity, I should have assumed the young man was intent on avoiding a symbiotic

attachment, an enlarged egotism, but I didn't have it in my pinched heart.

What a lark this should be after all: "loving" the likes of Debbie Reynolds. Not only was she cute as a kitten; she could sing, she could dance; she could act; her eyes sparkled, and she had traveled a few thousand miles to spend a day with her "lover." It should be easy. Too easy?

Not so the love that Rhode Island's High Sheriff showered on the state's dispossessed. Not so the concern that our town police chief had for the penniless traffic offender. Not so the wealth of compassion shared by a corps of volunteers with the patients of the state mental hospital.

With the felicitous "catcher-in-the-rye" spirit of Salinger's Holden Caulfield, these loving souls in a reporter's notebook gave themselves to the least of their brethren — the deprived, the repelling, the sick — and through them, to God.

Their acts of love cannot match the heroic commitments of a Father Damien or a Dorothy Day. But they are living testimony that the flame of brotherly love is still flickering in countless corners of a world that grows cold with self-indulgence.

High Sheriff Michael Costello, who recently retired after 14 years of colorful service, was an arm of the court, and a good responsible one. But there was one court order he was never quick to implement, and that was an eviction notice. Before he served such an order on a family that had no place to go, he took time to place advertisements in the paper at his own expense, in quest of a new home for the dispossessed. Though sensitive to his legal responsibilities, he gave foremost obeisance to a higher law — that of the kingdom of God where love rules.

And so it was with the late Chief Chester Colwell of Johnston, who frequently dug deep in his own pocket to pay a fine and save a convicted offender, poor and seemingly deserving, from a jail sentence. The fact that some of these advances, despite solemn promises, were never repaid, did not deter him from doing it again. What a happy departure from the commonly accepted image of the vindictive police officer. The chief was an enormous man and, with most of the enormity located around his midsection, he had great difficulty in bending. More than once, I saw one of his patrolmen

stooping down to tie the chief's shoes. This would be done without embarrassment by one who realized that the chief was a big man in more than physical stature. ("Love feeleth no burden.")

I suppose every community has its corps of selfless volunteers — those workers who go out and beg for others too helpless to beg, who open their hearts and homes to the homeless, who go into the institutions to share the burden of mental suffering, of incarceration and loneliness with persons they do not even know, impelled only by the highest of motives, brotherly love.

A few months ago, while making the rounds of the state hospital for mental diseases, I saw in a ward for seriously disturbed female patients a sight that tripped at the heart. There, playing ball with a group of delighted patients was a brilliant young girl, a girl who might have been her high school queen, who certainly could have been the center of attraction on a stage or athletic field, but who chose instead to share her God-given beauty, her golden smile and splendid disposition with her "least brethren." Had she been led to this act of love by the counsel of today's popular writers and teachers, in a how-to-be-popular book, in a class on charm? Or had she rather been moved by the spirit of God, by the example of the saints, by the new commandment which she heard, with a wondrous effort, through the soundings of brass. For this commandment enjoins us to practice charity not only by giving corporal alms, but by concerning ourselves also with the spiritual, the psychic, needs of our fellows. And it is precisely because we are neglecting these spiritual needs of our neighbor that we find it necessary to organize our charitable activities today in huge, federated agencies.

It is a dreadful commentary on the world that we have fashioned for 20th-century living, but isn't it a fact that one could go through life without ever encountering a genuine loving person?

Few are encouraged these days to develop the self-discipline, the humility, the sense of justice, of courage, and of concentration that are essential to the condition of lovingness. We are encouraged, rather, to look out for ourselves, and — at the very outside — to consider the interests of our own family members. Narcissism rules the roost: let's do that which gives us pleasure.

Nonsense. He who loves "looketh not at the gifts, but turneth himself, above all goods, to the Giver. Love often knoweth no

measure, but groweth fervent above all measure. Love thinketh nothing of labors, would willingly do more than it can, complaineth not of impossibility, because it conceiveth that it may and can do all things. . . . Whosoever is not ready to suffer all things, and to stand resigned to the will of his Beloved, is not worthy to be called a lover" (*The Following of Christ*, Bk. 3, Chap. 5).

And though willing goodness and sharing ourselves with others comprise the essence of love, it cannot be fully attained without first knowing and ruling our own inner selves. Erich Fromm, in *The Art of Loving*, stresses the importance of concentration. "The most important step in learning concentration is to learn to be alone with oneself without reading, listening to the radio, smoking or drinking. Indeed, to be able to concentrate means to be able to be alone with oneself — and this ability is precisely a condition for the ability to love. If I am attached to another person because I cannot stand on my own feet, he or she may be a lifesaver, but the relationship is not one of love. Paradoxically, the ability to be alone is the condition for the ability to love."

Another paradox is that it is the loving person rather than the loved who comes to feel worthy and, in fact, lovable. Also, it is by loving others that we are helped to discover ourselves. It is by loving others — not abstractly but absolutely — that we show God our love for Him. In *The Art of Loving* we read that "the disintegration of the love of God has reached the same proportions as the disintegration of the love of man." This fact, says Fromm, is in blatant contradiction to the notion of a religious revival in our time. We correspond more nearly to a primitive idolatric tribe than to the ripe religious culture of the Middle Ages.

I suggest: Whatever Fromm's experience and credentials on the subject at hand, let us turn to him, if not to the Bible itself, rather than to the likes of Norman Vincent Peale (I have just spotted a new title of his, "The Kind of People People Like," in a women's magazine on the kitchen table) and Dick Clark, for some sane suggestions on what love is. Or, for that matter, and especially if you are a woman, to Miss West whose *Love Is Not What You Think* is perceptive and wholesome if not quite, as Harcourt, Brace asserts, "the most concise statement to date on this eternally challenging topic."

BOOK REVIEWS

HEROIC SANCTITY AND INSANITY. AN INTRODUCTION TO THE SPIRITUAL LIFE AND MENTAL HYGIENE, by Thomas Verner Moore, M.D., Carthusian, Grune & Stratton, 243 pp., \$5.00

HAMMER AND FIRE: Toward Divine Happiness and Mental Health, by Raphael Simon, O.C.S.O., P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, 258 pp., \$3.95

This volume is the tenth to appear from the pen of Father Thomas Verner Moore, a Carthusian monk, who is also a physician and a psychiatrist and who, therefore, is eminently fitted to discuss the subject he sets forth here. The book is intended, he says, for "that vast number who at the present day are striving to attain spiritual perfection." Also, he hopes that the work will help those "on whom the stress and strain of life hangs heavy," and he hopes it will help them keep their emotional life within normal limits so they may always be able to answer the call of duty. Throughout the presentation, the inference is clear that a devout life should serve as a preventive against many psychogenetic mental disorders. In other words, it has prophylactic value against those mental diseases which are not organically determined. Also he speaks of a therapeutic level in sanctity, below that of heroic sanctity, which drives away needless anxiety (cf. p. 122).

The first section of the book is concerned with the "heroic virtue of the saints" and various of the twelve chapters of Part I have to do with faith, hope, divine charity, sanctity in relation to the laity, etc. En route he analyzes the concept of heroic virtue that Benedict XIV shows must be demonstrated in anyone the Church beatifies or canonizes. The book says "beatifies" (p. 13) but I guess no one would quarrel with that either.

Part II discusses in general mental disorders and sanctity at its therapeutic level and its six chapters have to do with religion and major mental disorders, char-

acter defects, and borderline insanity, etc. Part III considers nature and grace in the making of a saint. Much of the last two parts is concerned with rather a spirited defense of the Little Flower. Although this reviewer did not read the book by Father Etienne Robo, entitled *The Two Portraits* (Newman Press), Father Moore spends a great deal of time defending St. Therese against statements made in it. Apparently these statements infer that she was a psychopath who had a mental breakdown: also that she was a spoiled child who was morbidly sensitive, solitary, scrupulous, and depressed. Father Moore sets about, with the skilled hand of a clinician, to demolish these arguments and certainly he has the best of it. He cautions the inexperienced en route to avoid discussing psychiatric matters about which they know little.

A great many subjects are touched upon as the book progresses—physiology, neurology, sham rage, Joyce Kilmer, wartime obligations, etc. In an epilogue Father Moore discusses in more concentrated form sanctity and mental disorder and in an appendix he considers major insanities and their roots in the personality.

It is interesting indeed that the Carthusian Father Moore and the Trappist Father Raphael Simon chose to write on sanctity and mental health at about the same time. Both of these contemplatives have been practicing psychiatrists. It is interesting, too, that in their works they have both included a discussion of St. Therese of Lisieux.

Father Raphael's work is written in answer to the layman's plea for spiritual help. The material he presents has been of assistance to priest and layman alike in conferences and retreats. Its theme is that true happiness, peace, and joy are only to be found in union with God who has identified His honor and glory with our happiness. The book seeks to win men over to the spiritual life which is a unique way to personal fulfillment.

The author recalls to us that, though the spiritual life is lived for values higher than those of mental health, nevertheless man's spiritual and moral nature cannot be violated without jeopardizing it. He makes it plain that he does not propose the spiritual life as an alternative to psychiatric treatment, nor psychotherapy a substitute for spiritual life, but he does suggest that psychiatric treatment in some instances may be aided by proper spiritual direction.

The "Hammer" spoken of in the title is spiritual reading and prayer is the "Fire." Mental prayer is divine fire that enkindles the soul. The theme is "Happiness" and each of the five parts of the book is concerned with discussion of some aspects of it. The appendix contains some practical hints on spiritual reading and some particularly well-chosen recommendations. There are discussions of the central role of Mary in

our salvation and sanctification; of St. Joseph and his special role in God's plan of the Holy Spirit as the Master of the spiritual life and of the sacraments, vocations, faith, hope, and charity. The mental hygiene value of charity may be seen in certain of its qualities and effects and more basically in its healing and balancing of the natural tendencies of human nature.

In Chapter 29, the author calls attention to a group of penitents who are distressed and, though they do not need psychiatric treatment, they would benefit from psychological advice which could be easily integrated with a spiritual program. The few paragraphs on page 203, which have to do with overcoming indecision and inconstancy, are valuable.

This volume is not a treatise on mental health *per se* but it is an excellent work on the subject of true happiness and the mental peace which is its accompaniment. The means provided by the Church toward attaining these ends are carefully explained. There is a minimum of clinical discussion and a thorough consideration of personal sanctity by a very wise man whose unique background fits him particularly well for a discussion of this important subject.

— FRANCIS J. BRACELAND, M.D., Sc.D.
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LOVE OR CONSTRAINT? by Marc Oraison, D.C., M.D., P. J. Kenedy, New York, 1959, 279 pp., \$3.75

In an interview held recently with Father Oraison in Paris, the French theologian and psychiatrist was quoted as stating, "Each human being is directed by his very nature to auto-determination; he is so constituted that he must know himself to assume the responsibility and direction of his life." This is also the central theme of *Love or Constraint?*, namely, a discussion of the

progress of man through religious education into a fully developed being. The book brilliantly describes the need for individualization — for self-evaluation within an ever-growing knowledge of faith. Education should lead the person to discover how to adapt himself to his total conditions, as a man, a mortal being, and it should help him to discover himself in this world as a moral being.

a total being, not just as a social cog or a religious technician. Father Oraison affirms the methods of inspiration and creative inculcation and despairs of the rigid, restrictive mass methods of education. As for religious education, he feels that there is a profound duty to lead students, particularly children, toward an understanding of man and God, not to construct organizational barriers which may have their origin and support in a specious "tradition."

There is continual emphasis on the concept of an education which takes into consideration psychological aspects of child development which are adapted to religious instruction. Such consideration must bear upon the chronological, emotional, and cultural development of the child. The goal of such instruction is the awakening of the child to his religious depths and to avoid skimming the surface with instruction in minor ritual and protocol. The confusion which often lies with the educator as well as within the naïve child arises from a focus on the world of man with such daily problems presented as paramount. This leads inevitably to a pattern of instruction which will emphasize social codes, overt cultural morality, and neighborhood evaluation. Father Oraison asserts that the religious educator should attempt to understand the *heart* of man and to open and enlarge *capacity*, not confine it. He should concentrate upon the attempts of man to fathom the apparently contradictory relationships of man to man in the world and of man to God. The definitions of morality and the knowledge of externals of worship are a necessary part of instruction, but they should not become the wellspring of education. "In a truly Christian religious education, parents and teachers should know how to develop—in its proper place and in the right perspective—the taste for temporal life and its values." In these words Father Oraison describes a very commonplace theory, but

he feels that this reaffirmation of true belief and faith in man and God is necessary.

Father Oraison examines the life of the child from birth onward. He notes the importance of parental attitudes and attitudes of the teacher toward self, religion, and the child. He explicitly urges that present-day knowledge of motivation and emotional forces, based upon Freudian and other contemporary theories of personality be understood and drawn upon. This may render the book suspect in many quarters for Father Oraison does not debate the theories; he presents them just as he offers insights from St. Augustine, St. Thomas, and others. This is an integrated, compassionate book with a presentation which is unique in its appraisal of religious instruction and psychology. By virtue of his paramount interest in the "human condition," Father Oraison is able to write chapter after chapter of profound, though often commonplace, observations. It is also marked by grace of style, and an ease in comprehension which befits a good educator.

Useless, senseless, and tasteless attitudes concerning religious practice and education are exposed as he firmly shores up a nuclear Christian education dedicated to the development of man as a fine, intelligent, rational, human, and mystical being.

The triumph of public propriety over religious values occurs over and over, and religious educators must be awakened to this contamination and dilution. In essence, Father Oraison believes in self-discipline which is awakened and expressed through love, not in the forced strait jacket of guilt or fear. He concludes that psychoanalysis today has revealed much about man which is helpful and crucial, such as ". . . there can be no real relations unless they be inter-subjective, that is to say, a Christian religion which is not a personal dialogue with a personal God under-

stood and accepted as a transcendent Person, is not really a Christian religion."

For all of the children of the future who may be able to have the gift of an ever growing substantial belief in their God enhanced and deepened

through their education, this book may well be a Bill of Rights and the Magna Charta.

— ROBERT A. HOLZHAUER
Asst. Professor of Sociology
Marquette University

MODERN GLOOM AND CHRISTIAN HOPE, by Hilda Graef, Henry Regnery Company, Chicago, Illinois, 1959, 143 pp., \$3.50

The jacket of this book advertises it as "an unfashionable but reasonable squelching of despair in favor of Christian hope." Miss Graef begins with an essay (her summaries of Kierkegaard, Heidegger, Sartre, Camus, and Anouilh are little more than *tries* or *attempts*) to assess modern existentialist thought. Thence she proceeds, protesting all the while that her "criticism of the contemporary literary scene implies no literary judgments," to the works of Simone de Beauvoir, Françoise Sagan, François Mauriac, Graham Greene, T. S. Eliot, and Paul Claudel. Throughout the *tour de force*, this reviewer cannot keep from agreeing with a sentence in the preface: "If our criticisms seem . . . far from hitting the mark. . . ." Much in this book indeed falls wide of the target.

It would be difficult to suggest an audience for these essays. Students of philosophy would be repelled by the author's superficial dismissal of the tenets of leading existentialists; serious inquirers into the strengths and weaknesses of existentialism would in the main learn only that Miss Graef is a determined adversary of pessimism. Both groups would undoubtedly come to the conclusion that instead of retrieving the gauntlet which existentialism throws, she in turn casts her glove into the same arena. There they lie; a real battle is not forthcoming because the enemy is never truly confronted.

Sometimes, however, Miss Graef is so close to a point of contact with the "prophets of gloom" that only one more step forward would bring her into a

creative "engagement" with the other philosophy. But she either sidesteps or backtracks this encounter and one is left wondering why she bothered to quote such a challenging passage if she does not intend to exploit it to the fullest. For example:

"Tarrou in Camus' *La Peste* remarks, 'Can one be a saint without God? This is the sole problem I know today.' How could any author pass up such a challenge as this one?" This remark sounds the clarion note of the "Philosopher of the Impossible."

Those trained in objective criticism will find much to wonder at in this book as Miss Graef interweaves criticism of subject and object. "Could it be that, after all, Sartre's own life proves that his thought is wrong?" Again, it is the sweeping generalization which makes us pause. "Of course, this is a generalization, but by and large, it is, I think, a fairly adequate description of the *general* situation on the Continent of Europe."

Perhaps the most one-sided (and hence unjust) treatment of any author is that accorded Graham Greene. Miss Graef seems to approach literature with the demand that it instruct her as its primary duty; her literary critique (in spite of her disavowal, it amounts to this anyway) is the direct antithesis of Father Harold Gardiner's cogent and masterly critical theory. She has little empathy for all the twisted, tormented souls who follow a tortuous path to truth. When Scobie moans about a sacrilegious Communion — "It's striking

God when He's down—in my power" Miss Graef hastens to explain Christ's impassibility. "We cannot hurt Him . . . we can only hurt ourselves." Yet surely this method of consideration is a valid one. Where is the spiritual writer who does not employ an idea such as "Discouraging thoughts offend God"? Why censure literature for a technique utilized by trusted theologians such as Father Osende?

We do need to have our hope enkindled and rekindled today, but we

do not need and will not be helped much by books which fail to take the dimensions of contemporary thought. "Fortunately," says Miss Graef, "life is even today happier and purer than contemporary fiction." Fortunately, says this reviewer, not all criticism is as vaporish as this attempt. It may be that in the future Miss Graef will give us a real critique of contemporary thought, a dialogue and not a monologue.

— JUNE VERBILLIAN
Oak Park, Ill.

THE BRIDE: ESSAYS ON THE CHURCH, by Daniel Berrigan, S.J.,
The Macmillan Company, New York, 1959, 142 pp.

Cutting through the undergrowth of multiple theories of history and of materialistic interpretations given to history, Father Berrigan's is the voice of the theologian and the poet reaffirming in a series of meditative essays the Christian meaning of time and history.

In his introduction, he sketches briefly some of the treatments that scholars have brought to bear upon the dual problem, expressing his conviction that the only force strong enough to prevent a civilized barbarism and to save the world community from destruction by a superman or a supernation is the continued explanation and study of Divine thought with respect to man's conquest of time and space. He writes:

"The task of theology is, as always, to insist upon the eternal destiny of man; to show the Church's compatibility with the life and action of the new world; to assert again a respect for the human uses of matter and the way in which human effort can be gathered into the Divine synthesis made known in Christ and continued in His Church."

By undertaking a share in this task, Father Berrigan's is a timely response to an observation made by Father Walter Ong in *Frontiers of American Catholicism* that the "elaboration of a Christology of an expanding universe seems to

be the great task before modern and in a particular way American theologians."

The first essay on Israel is a thought-provoking reminder of the fact that human freedom may thwart a Divine plan and yet not destroy it, may shape human history and yet may send sacred history into deeper and more fruitful channels. Going on to a consideration of the impact of the Event (the Incarnation) upon the world, the author is not content to accept entirely Father Danielou's analysis of secular history: that it give "to the Church the material she transfigures by grace." Father Berrigan observes that besides giving to the Church this material for transfiguration, the world is also adaptable to the action of grace, and, in the essence of the natural, is patient of supernatural invasion, yielding an obedient "transfigurability."

The essays that follow in *The Bride*, then, are considerations of the interpenetrations of sacred and human history. "Because Christ lives in His Church through time, she has the spirit of Christ to transform the souls she is sent to. Her amplitude in history is her self-release in every soul, in every civilization and nation, freed from the taint of pride and secularism which destroyed Israel. . . . In amplifying the horizon of her effort, the Church makes her own the

culture of every period; she has no color to her Body, no distinctive habits or customs set up in opposition, or as characteristic of her. She speaks in every language and her welcome to men is in their own accent, leading to a true home."

Following a ponderous introduction and three foundational essays on the rejection of Israel, the Incarnation, and the beginnings of the Church, the author considers the person as a member of Christ's Mystical Body, the task of the Church to raise up saints, interior assimilation unto the life of Christ, suffering, work, and finally a very beautiful essay on the activity of the Church until the second coming.

There is a loveliness of poetry about all the essays in *The Bride*, a steady glow of something akin to a loving con-

templation. Their theological integrity has already been attested, and, while Father Berrigan's fellow theologians might wish that such sublime truths had been clothed in the hard-spun language of theology, yet, without a doubt, many a layman has read through the sheer poetry of these appreciative assays to the fine hard core of Catholic teaching; and has, perhaps, come away a little bit more in love with Christ's Bride, a little more alive to his vocation as layman.

The elucidation of theology's great mysteries continues to be made available for the layman and we are grateful for the efforts that are bringing us such substantial fare in such palatable form.

— SISTER MARY FANCHON, C.S.J.
Regis College,
Weston, Mass.

THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION JUDGED BY REASON AND FAITH, by Cardinal Ernesto Ruffini (transl. Francis O'Hanlon, P.P., S.T.L.), Joseph F. Wagner, Inc., New York, 1959

The Darwin centennial (1959) is now a matter for the record. Numerous articles, scientific and popular, appeared; commemorative meetings were held; the progress of biologists in extending the modified version of Darwin's theory was noted.

At the centenary exercises held at the University of Chicago in November, 1959, Sir Julian Huxley, the noted biologist, is reported to have stated that, "the earth was not created. It evolved. So did all the animals and plants that inhabit it, including our human selves, mind and soul as well as brain and body. So did religion." The tendency of some spokesmen for the evolutionary theory to overgeneralize on the basis of limited evidence has hardly served the cause of truth.

The Theory of Evolution Judged by Reason and Faith by Cardinal Ernesto Ruffini, evidently translated with the centenary in mind, has the avowed pur-

pose of showing that "evolution applied to living beings, as it is propounded by materialists, has no scientific basis: and that, in particular, transformism applied to man—even if restricted to the body—cannot be admitted" (Preface).

There are two main parts to this book: the origin of living beings in general and the origin of man in particular. The theory of evolution is traced historically, proofs from various fields are adduced in favor of it (in rather summary fashion), its mechanics are explained, the teaching of the Church is invoked, and the conclusion is reached that only a moderate evolutionism is tenable in which extreme positions are forsaken. Part Two takes up the origin of man. On the basis of Scripture, the Fathers of the Church, theologians' and philosophers' reasonings, the author concludes that transformism (the European term for evolution) is untenable, even when restricted to man's body alone.

Three more recent articles by the author that deal with transformism are appended. In considerable textual detail, the third appendix corrects the impression of transformists that St. Augustine and St. Gregory could be enlisted on their side. The second part of the book should prove more interesting to the general reader. The Cardinal's stronger position is to be found there.

The Cardinal's style is clear, concise, forceful. He handles the whole question in a way that will not scare off the nonprofessional. Once into the book, the reader will find it surprisingly hard to lay aside. For the argument builds up as it goes along. This is not a dry study of a dry subject. With the assistance of the expert witnesses, he summons to the stand in the court of reason and faith, the Cardinal carries the fight to the partisans of the theory of evolution. Within the limits of freedom of research and discussion set by *Humani generis*, he is no advocate of halfway houses on the often obscure road modern man must take in retracing as best he can the story of the beginnings of the world and the human race.

Anyone inclined to give the theory of

evolution the status of proved fact would do well to read this slim volume by Cardinal Ruffini, a biblical scholar who has, it seems, spent a lifetime doing combat with those who give evolution the benefit of the hasty judgment. Another class of grateful readers would be made up of those who are possibly dismayed by the new pathways being blazed through *Genesis* in our time. In Cardinal Ruffini, member of the Pontifical Biblical Commission, they have the author of an appealing interpretation of the Mosaic cosmogony that is impressive for its regard for the sacred text, literary genre, and common sense.

Cardinal Ruffini brings the science and wisdom of a biblical scholar to bear on a question that has had repercussions in all fields of human endeavor during the past century and promises to be influential in the decades to come. The thoughtful reader is invited to hear the Cardinal out and then to judge for himself the merits of the position he advocates.

— REV. FRANK DE LA VEGA, O.R.S.A.
St. Augustine's Monastery,
Kansas City, Kans.

SELECTED EASTER SERMONS OF SAINT AUGUSTINE, with
Introduction Text of Thirty Sermons, Notes and Commentary, by
Philip T. Weller, B. Herder, St. Louis, 1959, 328 pp., \$4.95

If, as Pope Pius XII declared, the most pressing duty of Christians is to live a liturgical life, perhaps the most pressing duty of the liturgical apostolate is to encourage prayerful reading and study of the Fathers of the Church. It is no reflection upon medieval or modern spiritual writers to urge a return to the Fathers; it is only a rediscovery of one of the Church's treasures.

The present volume is an excellent contribution to the growing awareness of patristic teaching on liturgical piety, and suggests how happily the biblical and patristic renewals should go hand in

hand with the sacramental movement. Once again the Church in this country is in Father Weller's debt for this translation, as it has been in the past for his translations of the *Roman Ritual* and of Father Pius Parsch's *Sermons on the Liturgy*.

The heart of this book is of course the text of St. Augustine's sermons, chosen from those preached by him at Easter, but it would be a mistake to overlook the excellent introductory chapters and the informative comments added by the translator. The latter explain the text as needed and are most

useful in dealing with scriptural allusions. In the Introduction Father Weller gives a scholarly but very readable account of the celebration of the Paschal mystery in the time of St. Augustine; this serves as a setting for the sermons and also points up the sorry difference between our appreciation of Easter and that of the Christians of the patristic period.

For the body of the book Father Weller has provided a smooth, readable translation of 30 well-chosen sermons. The sermons themselves are models of liturgical homilies and discourses; they are simple, lively, even informal presentations of the very heart of the Christian mystery. For Augustine, baptism is a sharing in the Lord's resurrection, the feast of Easter is the feast of redemption.

In the Western Church, "the mystery of the resurrection has, in the course of centuries, lost much of its central place in the piety of the faithful," as Dom Oliver Rousseau noted in 1956 at the Assisi-Rome Congress. In our own midst, the tragic misunderstanding and lack of appreciation of the restored

Paschal night watch are sufficient proof of this. The late Pontiff did his best to contribute to the sanctity of the Christian people by restoring and revivifying "the mother of all holy vigils," the highest moment of the Church's year of grace. St. Augustine's sermons on the subject, now presented in this attractive form, may help explain and encourage a fruitful celebration of the Easter mystery.

As recommended spiritual reading for the Lenten season (which, according to the teaching of the Holy See, should be a period of pastoral instruction in preparation for the observance of the annual Easter), this book is nothing short of ideal. Augustine is one of the great *expositores* of Sacred Scripture; it would be well to read his words in the spirit described in the splendid article by Dom Jean Leclercq in the October, 1959, issue of *Worship*.

— REV. FREDERICK McMANUS
The Catholic University of America
Washington, D. C.

SAINT TERESA: A Journey in Spain, by Elizabeth Hamilton, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 192 pp., \$3.50

This is probably not a very important book on St. Teresa of Avila, but it is certainly a delightful one. It will appeal to two classes of readers, especially, those who are interested in travel and are considering a possible trip to Spain, and those who are interested in St. Teresa and are curious to know more about the geographical setting in which she lived. The reader who would pick up this book hoping to find a biography of St. Teresa or an analysis of her spirituality would, of course, be disappointed. Miss Hamilton did not intend her work to fulfill the purposes of the ordinary biography of a saint. She has attempted something quite different in seeking to place the great Spanish woman of God in her proper setting, and it seems she

has succeeded quite well.

The author's descriptions of the Spanish countryside, of the people, and of the buildings and monuments are especially attractive. Skillfully, she weaves into her account of her travels in St. Teresa's footsteps, episodes from her life and occasional glimpses of her spirituality. Not everyone will agree with her interpretation of certain incidents, personages, or points of Teresian spirituality. On the whole this reviewer found Miss Hamilton's recasting of events plausible and her interpretation of Teresa's words astute. For example, she points up the fact that when St. Teresa was warning her nuns to be wary of their relatives, she wrote this in the Spanish setting of the extended family

(practically everyone in Avila was related somehow or another) where everyone was occupied with everybody else's concerns and could be socializing all the time if she kept up with *all* her relatives. St. Teresa's words have to be read in a different light in the American setting of the small (nuclear) family, and, as Miss Hamilton makes haste to note, Teresa herself belied her words by being very affectionate with her family.

The book is illustrated by fourteen photographs and contains a map of Spain. The photographs are lovely in themselves but disappointing since they are mainly of buildings and scenes that were rather peripheral to St. Teresa's life. The map is extremely useful for the reader in following the saint's travels.

— DOROTHY DOHEN
New York, N. Y.

LIGHTNING MEDITATIONS, by Ronald Knox, Sheed and Ward, New York, N. Y., 1959, 164 pp., \$3.00

Once again the many readers of the late Msgr. Knox have been given a chance to discover the wisdom found in his writings. The title of this volume is significant, for there are many instances in which the point of the meditation strikes with all of the force of a bolt of lightning. These meditations originally appeared in the Sunday edition of the *London Times* as sermonettes, and accordingly each of them is about one and a half pages in length. However, you must not allow the brevity of the individual meditations to delude you; they contain much food for thought. Because of Knox's eminent knowledge of Scripture he is able to give you those rare insights into the Gospels which the majority of people are ever seeking and so seldom find.

For those about to approach Knox

for the first time, I do not think that they will be able to make a true evaluation of the author's genius from the present work. While his unusual talent is evident, the vigor and delicacy with which he usually develops his thought is lacking. This is understandable since, as we have said, the meditations originally appeared as newspaper articles. However this does not in any way detract from the present work, for as the publisher has said, it is offered "to present a moment's thought which would not only chide but also comfort." It is that task which the incomparable Msgr. Knox accomplishes in this posthumous book.

— FATHER CYRIL, O.C.D.
Carmelite House of Theology
Washington, D. C.

Dear Reader:

This is going to be a big pilgrimage summer in Europe — with the Eucharistic Congress in Munich, the Passion Play in Oberammergau, and good Pope John in Rome! And then there's still Lourdes and Lisieux.

Thousands will be going. But how many will be ready to make a spiritual pilgrimage. If this is what you want write to me right away. We leave June 30th.

FR. WILLIAM, O.C.D.

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